

# THE DOGS OF WAR

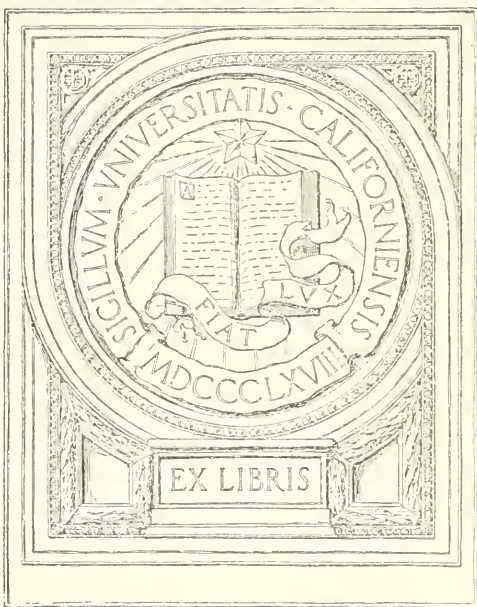


BY WALTER  
EMANUEL  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
CECIL ALDIN



LONDON: BRADBURY AGNEW & CO. LIMITED

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THE DOGS OF WAR

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THE ATTACK ON "THE LUMP OF FAT."



# THE DOGS OF WAR

WHEREIN THE HERO-WORSHIPPER POR-  
TRAYS THE HERO AND INCIDENTALLY  
GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT-  
EST DOGS' CLUB IN THE WORLD.

BY WALTER EMANUEL

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY

CECIL ALDIN

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ANGLO-LAS TO NIBU  
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TO THE HERO-WORSHIPPER WHOM I LOVE DEARLY  
IN SPITE OF HIS NOT THINKING MUCH OF ME.

W. E.



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WHY THE BOOK IS WRITTEN





## WHY THE BOOK IS WRITTEN

I AM getting an old dog now, and infirm, and, before my powers fail me, I wish to set down all I remember of the Captain, that the World may see what it lost in him.

Never was there such a dog as the Captain, and never again shall we see the like of him. That I was fortunate enough to be his trusted intimate was the one great privilege of my life. Such friendship as is only possible between members of the sterner sex was ours. The Captain was all-in-all to me. When the Captain lived, I lived. When the Captain died, I died. Since he left us, I have merely existed.

Any good that there may be in me I owe to the Captain.

## WHY THE BOOK IS WRITTEN

Had the Captain not been cut off in the prime of his life, he might have risen to any position. What an intellect was his!

MY EARLY LIFE



## MY EARLY LIFE

**M**YSELF, I come of a very old Norfolk family, but one which has never been notable for brains, however much it may have distinguished



OF ME THEY COULD NOT EVEN MAKE A SPORTSMAN.

itself in the world of sport. Of me they could not even make a sportsman. They tried to train me to fetch game, but failed to teach me. My brief life in the country was very unhappy,

## MY EARLY LIFE

and the wonder is that I did not have all the spirit beaten out of me, for the game-keepers were as cruel as they were ignorant. Fortunately they gave me up as a bad job before it was too late, and I was sent to Town.

TOWN





## TOWN

**T**O one who has lived in the quiet country, Town, at first, is overwhelming. My new master and mistress seemed inclined to be kind to me, but, after the treatment to which I had been accustomed, it was long before I could get over my mistrust of humans of any sort. And the first time they took me out for a walk in the crowded streets I wished myself dead. To me it was a new form of torture. The traffic! Never had I seen anything so prodigious, and so dangerous. It amuses me, with my present hearty contempt of it all, to think that I should ever have been so simple. For quite a week my brain reeled whenever I was in the streets, and I was as one in a dream, and if my mistress had not kept a close eye on me, Heaven knows what would have become of me. I dreaded going out, and I had to be dragged the first part of the journey. The

## TOWN

motor-cars and the horses filled me with terror. All, for me, had but one object, and that was to run over me. I saw myself being used as a football by the horses, while they kicked me from one to the other, with horrible grating laughs. No dog could survive for long, I felt sure, and, in my ignorance, I thought that



A MERE LOOK FROM ANOTHER DOG WOULD  
THROW ME INTO A PALSY.

the butchers' shops and the fur stores explained what became of us after death, and the sight of them turned me cold. Once when a fire-engine tore past me I frankly fainted.

A mere look from another dog would throw me into a palsy. And then there were the tradesmen's boys, who, seeing that I was nervous, would shout at me, at which I would run off at full speed with my tail between my legs, and baskets and things would be thrown after me. The town streets dazed me. As I said, although these terrors were very vivid at the time, it now fills me with amusement to recall them.

I MEET THE CAPTAIN



## I MEET THE CAPTAIN

**I**T was the Captain who cured me of my traffic-funk.

I remember well my first meeting with him. He belonged to some relatives of my master, who lived in the neighbourhood. One day my master took me to see these relatives. On entering the house, I was terrified to find another dog there, for at that time I had a wholesome dread of all town dogs, and I even tried to run away. However, my master held me, and called the strange dog, and patted both of our heads, and said, "Now, you two, you're going to be friends. You won't hurt one another, I know." I recollect thinking that the latter part of the statement might be true about me, but I was not so sure about the stranger. My master then left us, and I trembled slightly.

I recollect, also, that my first impression of

## I MEET THE CAPTAIN

the Captain was that he was an ugly dog. I cannot understand how I came to be so mistaken, and I have often reproached myself for it. But even at that time, I remember, I was not so



MY MASTER THEN LEFT US, AND I TREMBLED SLIGHTLY.

stupid as not to be struck by a certain air of distinction about him which I had noticed in no other dog.

As a matter of fact, he was a dog who, though of small stature, would attract attention in any assemblage.

## I MEET THE CAPTAIN

His face was the face of a setter, with something of the dignity of a blood-hound, and all the intelligence of a St. Bernard. His body was a fox-terrier's, and his tail, like his brain, his own.



ON HIS COAT WAS A MOST CLEVER DESIGN, IN BLACK,  
OF A PUPPY KISSING A PIGEON.

Further, he was the only illustrated dog I have ever met. On his coat was a most clever design, in black, of a puppy kissing a pigeon, and he would have been remarkable for this, if for nothing else.

## I MEET THE CAPTAIN

I should also mention his beautiful ultramarine eyes, which played havoc with the fair sex.



HIS SUNNY SMILE I SHALL NOT ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE.

His sunny smile I shall not attempt to describe.

In two minutes we were friends, in five I was his slave.



THE CAPTAIN'S PARENTS







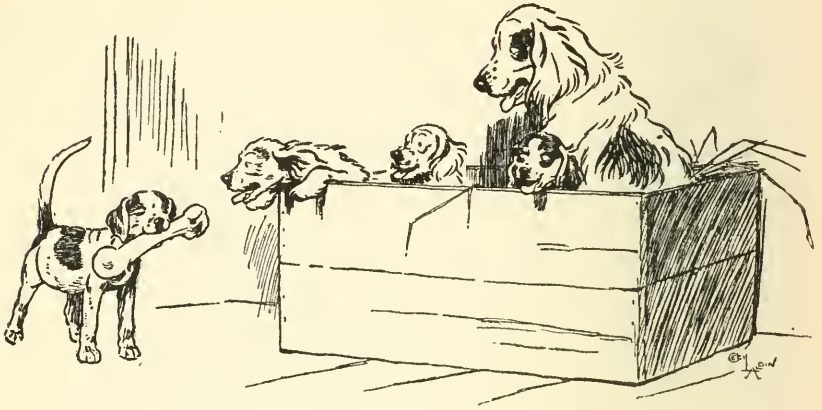
AS A PUP HE WAS KNOWN AS "THE LITTLE NIPPER."

## THE CAPTAIN'S PARENTS

**S**UBSEQUENTLY I learnt that the Captain's father was an all-sorts dog of a lively, though irresponsible nature. His mother—and I think that this, perhaps, is what unconsciously drew us to one another—was a field-spaniel, like myself. Curiously enough, there was not in the Captain one single feature of either parent. But this was only characteristic of the Captain's originality. His mother, I hear—and I can well believe it—was a very sweet creature, and she died beloved and respected by all who knew her, both dogs and humans. Her end is said to have been caused by the fact that, because she was considered to have married beneath her, she was brutally cut by her own relations. Being of an exceptionally affectionate disposition, she pined away. The Captain was the child of their old age, and I believe it not

## THE CAPTAIN'S PARENTS

infrequently happens that such offspring are preternaturally sharp. As a pup he was known as "The Little Nipper," and he was independent of his mother in an exceptionally short



HE WAS INDEPENDENT OF HIS MOTHER IN AN EXCEPTIONALLY SHORT TIME.

time. When a mere stripling, great things were prophesied for him. He was, all recognised, a dog with a future.

THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME SOME  
ADVICE





## THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME SOME ADVICE

**A**S I have said, almost from the first moment of our meeting the Captain and I were friends, and in a very few minutes I found myself making a *confidant* of him. We were, we discovered, both orphans, and I think that was a bond between us. I told him all about my unhappiness, and my wretched nervousness, and instead of chaffing me, as some fellows would have done, he gave me good advice. He told me that I was neurotic (which frightened me), and advised me to eat as much meat as possible (which pleased me). He pointed out how foolish and dangerous it was for me to be panic-stricken in the streets, and that I must learn to keep a cool head. And he took some pains to show me how unnecessary it was to

## THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME ADVICE

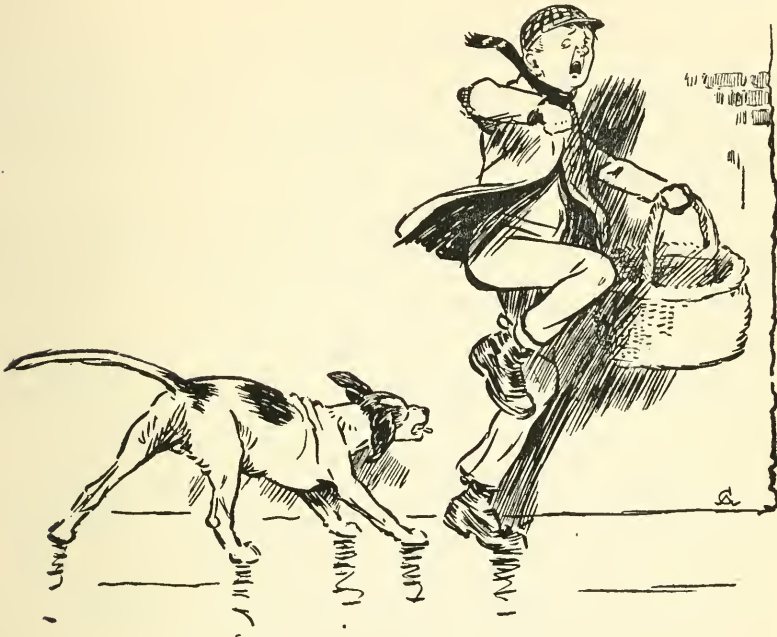
be afraid of horses. "Long noses," he called them, contemptuously.

"Why, the poor devils cannot call their souls their own," he said. "Note how they are forced to keep to the roadway, and note how they submit to it without a murmur. See, again, in what a servile manner they will stop when a policeman merely holds his hand up—realising, no doubt, that they would get a rap on the nose from his truncheon if they refused. Frequently I come on a whole row of them drawn up like this, and what do I do? I stroll across the road in front of them with what swagger I am capable of, chaffing them as I go, and all that the silly cattle do to show their irritation is to move their ears about in a stupid way. Why, I would rather be a motor-car than a horse any day. Horses work the hair off their backs, and get more kicks than halfpence for their pains. The fools scarcely ever seem to think of protesting. Last year ninety-two policemen were bitten by dogs, but only six by horses. In this world, if you want freedom, you must fight for it."

How eloquent, and how true! And he told

## THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME ADVICE

me how to deal with the tradesmen's boys.  
"Sniff and snarl at their ankles as though you



"IT'LL BE THEY WHO WILL RUN THEN."

dined off tradesmen's boy every day. It'll be they who will run then."

And he gave me many other useful hints. For instance, I told him of the difficulty I

## THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME ADVICE

experienced in running downstairs with humans—how I always got in their way, or they in mine. He showed me a capital method of avoiding this.

“Treat the treads of the stairs, next to the wall, as a dog-way. Humans never walk there, and you will be safe from their unintentional clumsiness.”

It was a small matter, but the Captain's tip made for comfort. And the Captain asked me what my people fed me on. I told him, “Mainly puppy biscuits.”

“Nonsense!” said the Captain. “A young fellow of your age—over two, I should say?”

“Fact,” said I.

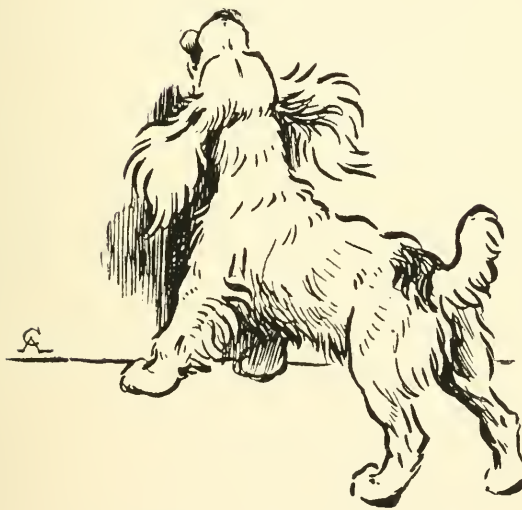
“Well, don't you put up with it,” he said. “No wonder you suffer from nerves.”

“But how am I to stop it?” I asked.

“Easy enough,” answered the Captain; “refuse to eat the P.B.'s.”

“But then I shall starve,” I said.

“Not a bit of it,” said the Captain. “They won't let a valuable dog like you starve.” And, by Jove, he was right! In a couple of days I had dog biscuits.



ON MY WAY HOME I BARKED AT A TOWN CAT.

## THE CAPTAIN GIVES ME ADVICE

When the time came for my master to leave, he actually had to drag me away from the Captain, so disinclined was I to part with my newly found friend, and I remember my master was greatly amused at this.

“Well, good-bye, old fellow” (how the “old fellow” pleased me!), said the Captain, and he made arrangements to take me out one day. “Meanwhile, buck up,” were his parting words.

The Captain’s inspiriting talk made me feel a different dog, and on my way home I barked at a town cat—and I still remember her look of amused surprise.

THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG  
OF ME





## THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG OF ME

**T**HUS were the seeds sown of a friendship which was only ended by the grave. My meeting with the Captain was the beginning of a new era in my life—or, rather, I should say, the beginning of my life. Almost from the first, when I was in the Captain's company, the streets ceased to have any terrors for me, and the day came ultimately when not only did I not fear any man, dog, or thing in the world, but when most men, and all dogs and things, feared me. Of course this came gradually. At first, not even cats ran away from me. Then, to my delight—which seems childish to me now—one windy day a number of leaves in the road took to flight when they saw me, then birds, then cats. And, at length, a dog!

## THE CAPTAIN MAKES A DOG OF ME

I have even barked defiantly at a whole troop of mounted soldiery, any one of whom



AT LENGTH A DOG RAN AWAY FROM ME.

could have run me through, or shot me—had he possessed the necessary pluck.

I BECOME THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN  
COMPANION



## I BECAME THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION.

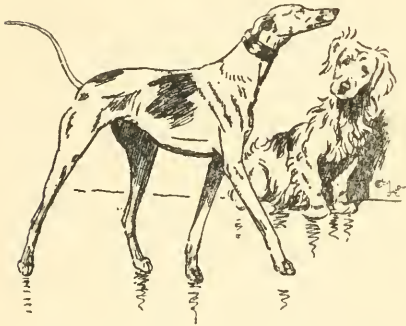
**I** WAS now constantly in the Captain's company, and, when I think of it, how good and noble of him it was for a dog in his position to consort with one who, after all, at that time was a mere ignorant yokel—a bumpkin. Never, I realised, could I repay what I owed him, though I should try to do so by a life-long devotion. He put me on my legs. He showed me about town. But for him, I, a simple countryman, would have been victimised one hundred times, for the Cockneys are a sharp race.

When I thanked him, he merely said, "I have taken a fancy to you, Ears"—for that was the nickname he gave me.

I soon discovered that the Captain was a dog of immense influence, and the effect of his

## THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION

friendship was instantaneous. When I first came to town the natives cold-shouldered me. As soon as it was noticed how much I was with the Captain, a marked change took place. Innumerable little dogs now paid me court—kowitzed to me—as being a favourite of the Captain. It was all most pleasant.



" THANKS, OLD FELLOW, BUT I DO NOT  
SLUM."

Every morning, before breakfast, I would run round to the Captain's, and have a romp with him in the big garden at the back of his house, where dogs were forbidden.

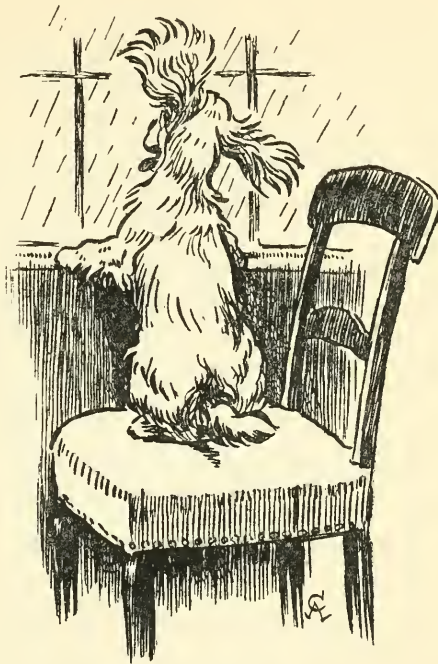
And, nearly every day, in addition to this, we would go for a long walk together—for the Captain impressed on me the importance of taking plenty of exercise to keep oneself in condition. Sometimes I would call for him, and sometimes he for me. It was characteristic of the Captain that, although I lived in a smaller house than he, he was

## THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION

superior to all silly social restrictions—so different from a conceited beast of a greyhound whom, in my early days, I once invited to call and who answered, "Thanks, old fellow, but I do not slum."

I shall never forget how excited I was the first time the Captain came to my place, and ate some of my biscuits. I think that if my people had tried to turn him out I would have strewn the house with their corpses.

Some days, when it was raining, my people would keep me in, and then I would sit looking out of the window, and, as likely as not, the



CATCHING SIGHT OF HIM, I WOULD SET UP  
SUCH A BARKING AND A FRISKING.

## THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION

Captain would trot down for me, and then, on catching sight of him, I would set up such a barking and a frisking, that for the sake of peace—thank Heaven, my master used to suffer from neuralgia—I would soon be let out. And frequently, at night-time, the Captain and I would go cat-scaring together.

The Captain was the most entertaining of companions, for he was so wonderfully well-informed. He knew all about everything. His astonishing accumulation of knowledge was mainly due, he told me, to a habit his mistress had of reading out the most interesting items from the newspaper, at breakfast, to the rest of the family. The Captain would always listen attentively—in which respect, by the way, he was more polite than the others. Thus it came about that there was nothing you could ask the Captain which he could not answer. He knew all the big words, and I still remember my delight when he told me I was a “Quadruped,” for I had had no idea that I was anything so important. Half-an-hour’s conversation with the Captain was a liberal education in itself, and whatever I have of polish, and choice of diction, I owe to the Captain.



## THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION

We were inseparables. Jealous dogs chaffed us about our friendship and constant com-



I BECAME TO OTHER DOGS THE MOST FIERCE OF ANIMALS.

panionship, and asked us satirically when we were going to get married, and my people laughed at what they called my infatuation. Let them laugh. They too were jealous.

## THE CAPTAIN'S CHOSEN COMPANION

The effect on me was most remarkable. In a very short time you would not have recognised in me the timid creature of yesterday. From being a poltroon I became to other dogs the most fierce of animals. I, who used to suffer an insult in silence, would now let nothing pass. And if any dog dared to say a word against the Captain, by Jove, I'd murder him! Humans, too, had to look after themselves. Once my master dared to raise his hand against the Captain because he scratched the front door; rightly enough, by the by, as the servant had kept him waiting for upwards of five minutes. When I saw my master catch hold of the Captain, at first I could hardly believe my eyes. To say the least, it was a disgraceful breach of hospitality. Then my anger knew no bounds, and I growled furiously, and it was only a restraining look from the Captain which prevented my biting my master all over. To the Captain's generous views as regards humans I shall refer later. After this incident the Captain, who was always dignified, kept away from the house for a month—and serve my master jolly well right!

THE CAPTAIN CONFERS ON ME A  
COVETED DISTINCTION



## THE CAPTAIN CONFERS ON ME A COVETED DIS- TINCTION

**T**HE Captain was not slow to mark the change in me, and eight weeks after my first meeting him he made me a member of his Club.





THE DOGS OF WAR





## THE DOGS OF WAR

**T**HIS was the greatest distinction that could be conferred upon a dog. My gratitude knew no bounds, but all that the Captain said in reply to my protestations was, "I like you, Ears."

It was the most famous dogs' club in the world. I need scarcely say that I refer to "*The Dogs of War*"—known to our rivals as "The Mongrelians," "The Hooligans," "The Gargoyles," and other *sobriquets* as insulting as they are stupid.

This club, as is well known, was founded by the Captain as a monument to his mother. The Captain's mother, it will be remembered, made a love match. She was considered, however, to have married out of the pale, was cut by all thorough-breeds, and fretted herself to death.

To avenge this heartless piece of snobbery, *The Dogs of War* was formed. Its motto was

## THE DOGS OF WAR

“Defiance not Defence,” and all thorough-breeds giving themselves airs were to be attacked on sight.

The rules and regulations of the club were many, and I do not propose to set them out at length. In all of them the master-mind of the Captain was apparent.



THE YOUNGSTERS WOULD BE MORE BOTHER  
THAN THEY WERE WORTH.

Females and children were ineligible for membership. A proposal to form a junior branch was rightly rejected by the Captain. As he pointed out, the youngsters, with

their constant infantile ailments, would be more bother than they were worth: And, unless a special dispensation—the word is the Captain’s—were obtained, the members must remain bachelors. And no black dogs were admitted: the line was drawn at coloured gentlemen.

The Captain alone chose the members. If

## THE DOGS OF WAR

a likely young fellow applied to him, or were introduced by a member, the Captain would place the candidate on probation for a month. During those four weeks the Captain would receive reports on its habits and customs, and would personally test it in many ways. For instance, he would meet one of the little novices out with its mistress. The Captain would beckon to it. The novice would advance towards the Captain. The mistress would call it back.



THE LINE WAS DRAWN AT COLOURED GENTLEMEN.

The Captain would beckon again. The novice would once more run to the Captain. The Captain would detain it for five minutes, and say, "Now you may go back." It would get a beating from its mistress. The Captain would meet the same dog in similar circumstances the next day, and, if then it did not come at the first summons, the Captain would let it know he had no use for it.

## THE DOGS OF WAR

Nor did we have the rule of "Once a member, always a member." The Captain reserved to himself the right of expulsion. It was the only way, he explained, to keep us up to the



THE BARREL DECIDED THAT THE INSULT WAS NOT INTENTIONAL.

mark. One member was expelled, soon after I joined, for cowardice. It was a very painful affair. He was a personal friend of the Captain's, but the Captain felt he must make an example of him. He was a small dog, known

## THE DOGS OF WAR

as "The Barrel" from his shape. One day a Newfoundlander, who came up suddenly behind him, cried out, "Hello, here's one of the dirty Mongrelians." The Barrel turned round, and looked at the Newfoundlander, and found him so big, that he decided that the insult was not intentional. The incident, however, was reported, and The Barrel had to leave. The Captain took an especially serious view of the matter, as the insult was to the Club and not to the member personally. I used to see the outcast occasionally afterwards, but, if he caught sight of one of us, he would always slink away, and I used to pity him, he looked so miserable.

Expulsion, too, would take place occasionally for slackness, and disobedience.

Without obedience, the Captain held, nothing was possible. We were never to question his commands. He was a stern disciplinarian, and the message "The Captain wants to speak to you" has made many a dog tremble in his day. And, with it all, the Captain was scrupulously just, and this, I think, was appreciated by the members, and was perhaps the secret of his

## THE DOGS OF WAR

marvellous influence over us. We have seen how he would not spare even his personal friend. His impartiality was wonderful. I have even known him decide against me in a dispute with another member. And once he threatened to expel me because I growled when he asked me to give him my bone, greedy brute that I was.

He was a splendid dictator. No wonder he so often led us to victory.

MY FELLOW CLUBMEN





## MY FELLOW CLUBMEN

**W**E numbered, on the average, forty members. Indeed, we have been called "The Fighting Forty." Each of us was known by a nickname—with one exception. It was significant of the respect in which our leader was held that there was no nickname for him. He was always



THE PIPE-CLEANER.

just simply The Captain. I was Ears. Other prominent members were The Hog, The Hippopotamus, The Snipe, The Silly Sheep, The Wolf, The Turnip, The Carrot, The Pipe-Cleaner, The Berlin Wool Shop, The International Fur

## MY FELLOW CLUBMEN

Stores, The Map, The Torpedo, The Mummer (an interesting fellow, this: he was on the stage for many years, and had performed at all the principal hippodromes in Europe), The Dook (who claimed to be the second cousin of a pedigree dog, and was the only one of us



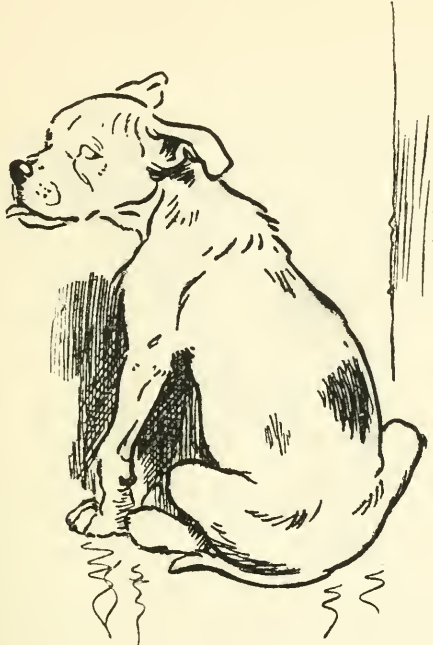
KING LEER.

THE SNIPE.

who was careful of his toilet; it was even rumoured that he used coat-gloss), The Dyspeptic (who was absurdly touchy), King Leer (who was always ogling the women), Nobody's Darling, Bulgy, The Man-Hater, The Looney, The Braggart (he boasted, among other things, that he was the Derby dog in 1901), The Cat,

## MY FELLOW CLUBMEN

The Spotted Dog, The Ghost, The Parricide (he slew his father in a fight), and Adam (who refused to wear even a collar, and was frequently

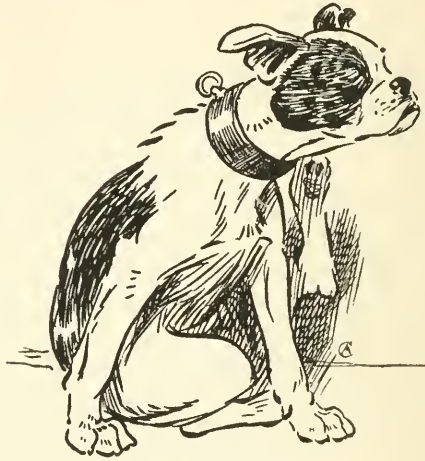


NOBODY'S DARLING.

taken up by the police for being insufficiently clothed). Of some of these I propose to speak at greater length later on. We were not, perhaps, a pretty lot to look at, but we were

## MY FELLOW CLUBMEN

businesslike, and always ready for action. We would not shun a fight for fear that our hair might get disarranged. By the by, I should mention that it was at one time proposed by The Hippopotamus that the members, instead of



THE PARRICIDE.

having *sobriquets* which were apt to cause unnecessary pain, should be called that species of dog which they most resembled. The Captain, however, declared that he would never have sufficient time at his disposal to decide such knotty questions as would then arise.

Poor old Hippo!

THE MAP







THE SUGGESTED DEMARCATIONS WERE THEN MADE IN INDELIBLE INK.



## THE MAP

**B**UT The Hippopotamus was by no means our most unfortunate-looking member. The Map was this. I challenge any other club to produce a member like The Map. We were proud of The Map.

He was a dog who was divided up, all over, by means of black lines—he was completely criss-crossed in this way—and on each piece of territory so marked off there was writing; and it was all done in the most untidy manner. You never saw such a sight as The Map—he was the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood—and, had I been he, I should only have walked abroad at night.

His tale was a sad one. The Map had suffered much.

He started life, he told me one day, as a smooth-coated all-white—like The Ghost. His

## THE MAP

youth was not unhappy. Then, one day, he was presented to a family of six children, and his martyrdom began.

It would have been all right if he had been given to one of them, but he was given to all of them, and they were exceptionally quarrelsome children. On the very day of his arrival there was a big row because the eldest boy claimed him by right of primogeniture. This privilege of the first-born, it seems, had never been disputed till then. It extended to all things, including the right of being served first at meals, so that the next eldest longed for the heir's death, for he did not relish the idea of having to wait till, perhaps, he was seventy before he was entitled to the first slice of pudding. But, as regards their new present, the younger sons would have none of this, and there was bloodshed threatened, until the Nurse said angrily, "It's all of your dogs, of course, and, what's more, if you don't stop quarrelling, it shan't be any of your dogs!" This threat sobered the children a bit, but by the end of the day the poor Map was tired to death, for they all tried to stroke him at the same time,

## THE MAP

and there was not room on him for this, and he was pushed and buffeted until he felt inclined to drop. As time went on, things did not improve, and there was not a day on which The Map was not the cause of some dispute—to his great inconvenience. Sometimes, as a punishment to the children, he would be locked in a dark cellar for the entire day, so that none of them could have him.

Then, one afternoon, the Outrage took place.

The idea was that of a school-friend who had come to tea, and who had been reading about the partition of Africa.

This young savage noticed what a source of contention The Map was—especially when he asked to whom the dog belonged, and received the answers, “Me!” “Me!!” “Me!!!” “Me!!!!” “Me!!!!!!” and “Me!!!!!!!”

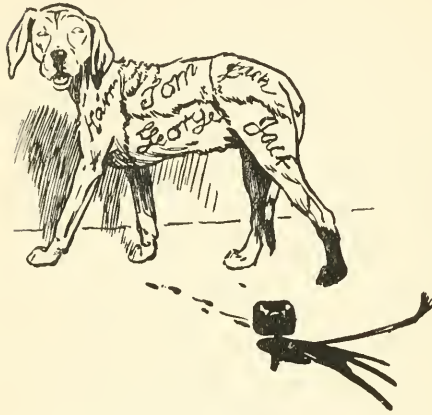
“Why don’t you partition him?” asked the guest. At this The Map, who thought he was actually to be cut up, made for the door, but it was shut before he could escape.

“How?” asked the children.

The savage then explained. They were to decide on a scheme of allotment, and then, with

## THE MAP

a paint brush and some marking ink, he would stake the dog out. The proposal was received with acclamation, and, after a great deal of squabbling, it was decided that the eldest boy



YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A MESS.

should have the head (with the sole right to feed—a nice thing for The Map, who had hitherto received food from all of them), the others were each to have a stretch of the body, while the tail—which, for some reason or other, was much coveted—was divided into six.

The Map, all trembling, was then seized, and the suggested demarcations were made in indelible ink, and the children's names written on the appropriate parts. At the last moment the school-friend said he thought he ought to have a piece as originator of the idea, and this was agreed to. This necessitated some of the lines

## THE MAP

being deleted, and The Map suffered agonies under an abortive attempt to alter him with ink-eraser. Finally, the lines which were to be shifted had to be scratched out in ink, and when this was done, and, in the excitement, several blots made on the poor beast, one may imagine how he looked. You never saw such a mess.

And even this vile plan did not mean peace for my unfortunate friend. There was soon trouble about his tail. The owner of one section commanded him to wag it, and the owner of another section forbade him to wag *his* part. And, before the party broke up, one boy had swopped a piece of his territory, half-way down the back, for a collection of postage stamps, and further alterations were made.

No wonder some dogs get soured.

That night The Map ran away. He did not stop running until the next morning. Then the Captain met him, and The Map became one of our most valued members. For he was now an enemy of society, and therefore a good fighter, and the Captain liked to surround himself with such as he.

## THE MAP

The Map, I should mention, was always most sensitive about his appearance, and it was a bold dog who dared to joke about it in his presence.

## INTERNAL DISPUTES





## INTERNAL DISPUTES

**S**OME dogs eat, and drink, and sleep, and that is all they do. That is not Life. We dogs of the Club did not sit all day waiting for something to turn up.

We had Club runs every Monday and Friday, wet or fine; on Tuesday and Thursday evenings we hunted the lowly Cat; we had Sports (such as Head-in-Lion's Mouth, Touch-last, French-and-German, &c., in which the Captain always excelled) on Wednesdays, and Conversaziones on Sundays, while Saturdays were usually devoted to the settling of our internal disputes.

For we had such disputes, and the Captain did not altogether discourage them, for he held that anything was better than slackness, and therefore did not prohibit little private scraps. The only condition he made was that anything

## INTERNAL DISPUTES

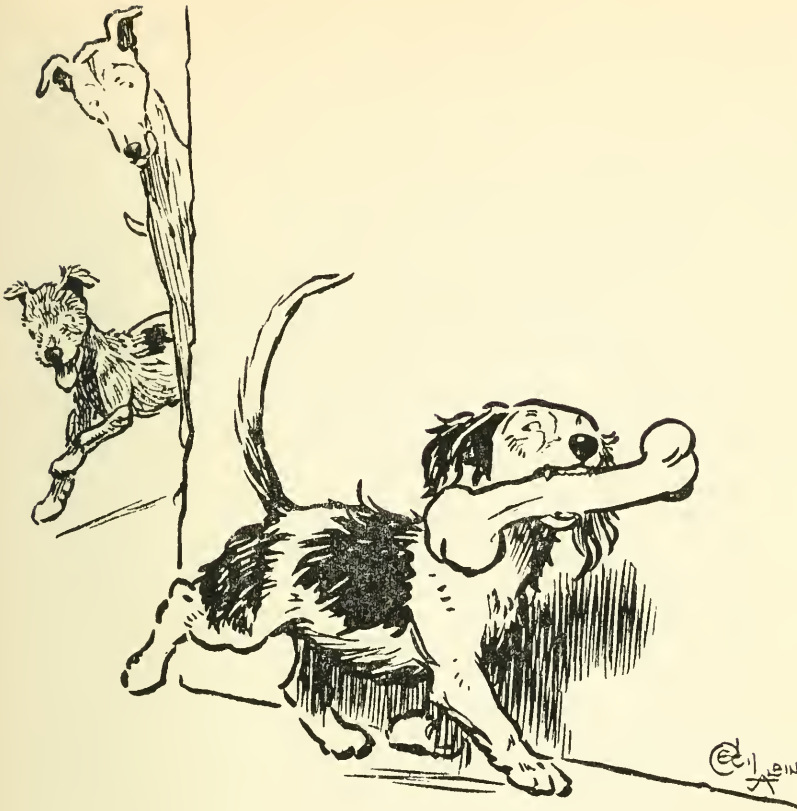
of that sort should take place on a piece of waste ground at the back of his house. The



SATURDAYS WERE USUALLY DEVOTED TO THE SETTLING OF OUR  
INTERNAL DISPUTES.

Captain would not allow us to fight among ourselves in the public streets, as he held that that would lower the *prestige* (the word is his) of the Club.

## INTERNAL DISPUTES



IT WAS THE AMBITION OF EVERY MEMBER TO EAT THE CLUB BONE.

Our principal quarrels concerned the temporary ownership of the Club Bone. This was a bone (supposed to be of great age) which was

## INTERNAL DISPUTES

discovered in a garden by the Captain, and it was the ambition of every member to eat it, but, being of exceptional toughness, it resisted every attempt. However, when one had nothing else to do, it was the correct thing to try and negotiate the Club Bone.

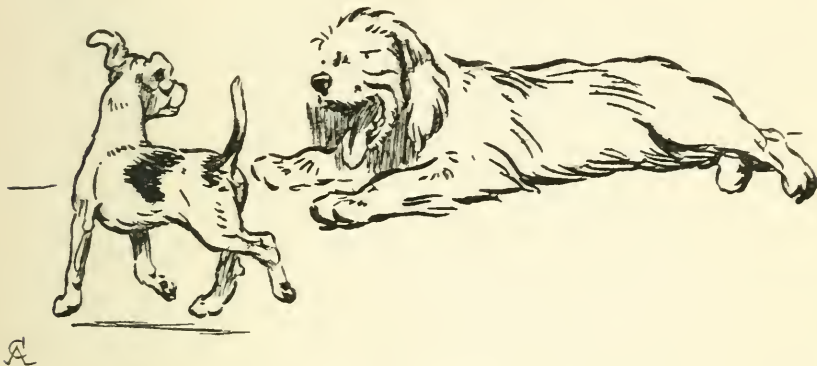
One day, by the way, the Club Bone was missing—it was shortly before the Captain's death—and, when The Braggart appeared, he said he had eaten it. Two days afterwards it was found hidden in a water-butt, and The Braggart was expelled.

Blows, again, would sometimes be exchanged as the climax of a little gentle chaff, such as, "Hello, Long Nose," "Go home, Freak Face," "Who spoke to you, Bandy Legs?" If the Captain were present he would tell us we were behaving like a litter of puppies, and command us to shut up. Not infrequently a scuffle between ourselves would have the pleasant development of a combined attack on a common enemy who had stood by jeering.

And sometimes there would be bad blood between rough-coated and smooth-haired members, especially in the hot weather. We

## INTERNAL DISPUTES

rough-coated dogs would become very touchy then, and if, when we were perspiring profusely and scarcely able to drag ourselves along, a little short-haired dog were to trot past us, as cool as a lump of ice and in the pink of



IN THE HOT WEATHER.

condition, there would be trouble were he to dare to pity us.

By the by, sometimes the Captain and I would have great fun when we met. We would have what the Captain called "Powder Play." We would pretend to fight, make any amount of snarleyow noise, get a crowd round us, and then, when the loafers were thoroughly

## INTERNAL DISPUTES

interested, we would run off the best of friends, and pretty fools the loafers would look.

I should mention, before I leave the subject of internal disputes, that the most frequent fights were between two brothers named Robert and James Brown. They would scarcely ever meet without falling out. We called them "The Inseparables," as, when they fought, it was impossible to part them.

PERSONAL MATTERS









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A. D. Z.

OUR ORDERS WERE NOT TO KILL, BUT ONLY TO ALTER THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

## PERSONAL MATTERS

**S**TILL, as a rule, we got on fairly well together, and reserved our fighting energy for our natural enemies, the Thorough-breeds.

Now and then we would have what the Captain would call in his impressive way a "*Levée en masse*"—for he knew even German, did the Captain—but this would only happen when the honour of the Club, *as a Club*, had been assailed. As regards insults by outsiders to individual members of the Club, at first these had been treated as Club affairs—with the exception of personal remarks concerning The Map or The International Fur Stores—but ultimately the Captain found it necessary to extend the exception to all of us. So each had to fight his own fight.

After The Map, and The International Fur Stores, I was kept the most busy. I was the

## PERSONAL MATTERS

only thorough-bred member of the Club, and, as such, was a special object of hatred to the enemies of the Club. I was the recipient each day of an astonishing number of insults. I could scarcely move a step from my house without being called "Blackleg," "Traitor," "Judas," and the rest of the poll-parrot terms. Possibly there was something in the charge, but I never stopped to think then. I was the Captain's man.

It had the effect, anyhow, of my soon becoming an expert fighter, and, if there was a desperate errand, the Captain would usually send me on it. "You are always as keen as mustard, Ears," he has said to me more than once.

Our orders were not to kill, but only to alter the personal appearance of such thorough-breeds as invited our attention. Killing, the Captain said, was liable to have unpleasant consequences for our masters—as to whom the Captain, if I may say it without appearing disrespectful to his memory, was always absurdly considerate. However, I am responsible for one extinct monster, and I am not ashamed to

## PERSONAL MATTERS

own it. He was a black Esquimo beast who settled in our neighbourhood. As a rule he ensconced himself safely behind the bars of his garden—he was one of a large class of area sneaks who do that—and made nasty remarks as we passed. He was known to us as “Satan.” I called upon him more than once to come out and settle accounts, at which he merely became more abusive. One day I met him in the street. He wore a muzzle, as he always did when he was out of doors.

“Good-morning, Judas,” he said, running off. But I, too, could run.

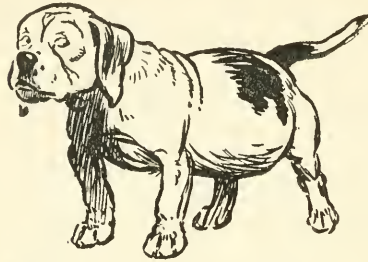
“Good-morning, Satan,” I hissed, as I came up with him, and at that I bit through his muzzle — for I flatter myself I am always a sportsman — and we set to. In five minutes Satan had justified his mourning. The subsequent legal proceedings did not interest *me*.

One day, too, I almost settled a fox-terrier who, in my presence, asked sarcastically “What *sorts* of dog” the Captain was. “You imperent cur!” I cried, as I sprang at his throat, and, by Jove! if he had not apologised in the nick of time, I would have sent him to his reckoning.

## PERSONAL MATTERS

They might laugh at my long ears as much as they liked, but not one word would I hear against the Captain.

The poor old Hippo, by the by, was also



IT WAS CURRENTLY BELIEVED THAT THE  
GREATER CONTAINED THE LESS.

said to be a murderer. One morning, in rounding a corner, he accidentally collided with a little Yorkshire terrier. "Where are you coming to, you great lout?"

snarled the Yorkshire terrier. Now

The Hippo was

always short-tempered. Anyhow, the little Yorkshire terrier was never seen again, and it was currently believed that the greater contained the less. When The Hippo was twitted about it, all he would say was that till that date he had never suffered from indigestion.

CONCERNING TOYS





## CONCERNING TOYS

**W**E had special instructions from the Captain as to our treatment of animals known as Toy Dogs—though why they are called Dogs I never could understand. At first I used to excite myself very much when this riff-raff gave themselves airs, and would sometimes answer them back, and more than once proposed that we should wipe out the entire brood. But the Captain issued an order that we were to ignore them. It was, of course, the best plan. As a rule the self-important little trollops would become a picture of impotent rage under this treatment. The Captain had just as great contempt for these insects as I had. “Hundreds and Thousands” he called them, after the sweets of that name; and once he said quite truly that it might be possible to make one decent dog out of fifty of them. The Captain

## CONCERNING TOYS



IF YOU WANT TO SEE A SECOND-HAND REMNANT, LOOK AT ONE OF THEM AFTER  
HE HAS BEEN OUT IN THE RAIN.

## CONCERNING TOYS

liked a dog to be a dog, and not a kid glove, or a bit of fluff. What drew him to me originally, he told me, was my rugged appearance, and he saw at once that I could be licked into shape. These so-called Toy Dogs are a disgrace to their fur, and only bring the rest of us into disrepute. They are a painful sight under any circumstances, but, if you want to see a second-hand remnant, look at one of them after he has been out in the rain. Yet they are overweeningly conceited, and at times I found it difficult to obey the Captain's instructions. Once, actually, a weedy youth named Carlo told me that the reason why I ignored him was that I dared not touch him. At that—I could not help it: it was a distinct challenge—I took Master Carlo in my mouth, and shook him like a rat until he holloed for mercy. I could never make up my mind whether Carlo was more like a mosquito or a penwiper. He was known, I believe, as a Butterfly Dog. The Butterflies are welcome to such as he—with his petulant little falsetto voice.

We were, as I have said, to ignore the Toy

## CONCERNING TOYS

Dogs. But there was one exception. We were to strip them of any finery they might be wearing. The Captain was a martinet in all matters of dress. He would tolerate nothing but a collar—and that must be a plain one. The Toy Dogs would frequently wear bows, and were supposed to be responsible for that absurd expression which riles us so much, “bow-wows.” So the Captain made a rule that, whenever we met a dog wearing a bow, we were to remove it—which was easily done by tugging at one end of the ribbon—and bring it to the Club. Birthday or no birthday, it had to come off. When a member had fifty bows to his credit, he was absolved from this duty, which was considered a somewhat menial one—he became a Veteran, for whom sterner tasks were reserved. Now and then we would secure a collar, and a Collar Day was always a great event with us. By the by, we were puzzled to know what to do with the accumulation of ribbons until The Hog joined us. He ate them, until he died of appendicitis.

CONCERNING FOREIGNERS AND  
OTHER UNDESIRABLES







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J. H. M.

WE WOULD LEAVE THE CLUB BONE IN THE ROAD AS A DECOY



## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS AND OTHER UNDESIR- ABLES

**T**O come now to more worthy opponents, the principal ones were members of such rival organisations as "The Blue Bloods," "The Junior Blue Bloods," "The Gentlemen's Club" (*pshaw!*), "The Upper Ten," the "Dachshund-Verein," and the "Ligue des Patriotes."

Few, I expect, have any idea of the number of Dogs' Clubs there are in existence. All big towns are honeycombed with them.

We were specially down on foreigners, and as a rule there would be short shrift for Schipperkes, melancholy Danes, Chows, Dachshunds, Poodles, Pekinese Spaniels, Maltese Terriers, Russian Boar-hounds, Spitz dogs, and the rest of the undesirable aliens. I recollect

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

well my scrap with *Liane de Pougy*. She was a poodle. All poodles are either fops or



"YOUR FACE IS AS DIRTY AS MINE, YOU FILTHY *BRUNETTE*."

clowns. *Liane* was a fop, and a saucy one at that. She had long ropes of hair reaching to the ground. One day, by way of retort to my quite harmless remark, "Get your hair

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

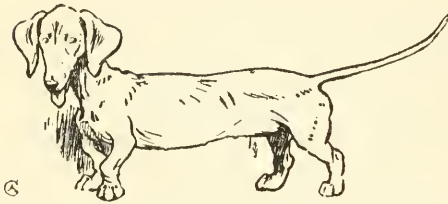
cut!" she had the cheek to reply, in broken English, "Go 'ome and wash you ze dirty face!" That got my blood up, and with the words, "Your face is as dirty as mine, you filthy *brunette*, if we could only see it," I rushed at *Liane*, and did some amateur hair-cutting myself, entirely removing some of the ropes, and shortening others—even though her owner jabbed at me all the time with her parasol. You never saw such a piece of shabby finery as was *Liane* when I had done with her, and it was not the slightest good her reminding me of the *Entente*. She kept at home for some days after that, and, when next she met the Club, she was clean-shaven; all her beautiful curls were gone. How we roared with laughter.

Dachshunds would get on our nerves, even more than poodles. These caterpillars would sometimes toady up to us, and we would not always think them worth powder and shot. Once, for instance, I remember, we were having Sports, and a Dachshund named *Hans Blumberg* crawled up, and stood watching us longingly, and finally had the cool audacity to ask if he might join in. "No," said the

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

Captain, sharply. "We don't play with centipedes, specially German ones," and then we all barked at him in concert, and he ran away, terrified, to complain to his Kaiser.

I cannot stand Dachshunds at any price. It tires me to look at them. Before I have carried my eye from the snout to the tail I am bored.



BEFORE I HAVE CARRIED MY EYE FROM THE  
SNOUT TO THE TAIL I AM BORED.

And I found King Charles Spaniels especially hard to tolerate. These microbes actually had the impertinence to pretend that they

were "correct," and that I was wrong. It is, of course, perfectly obvious to any impartial person that they are cheap editions of me—field spaniels stunted in their youth by frequent doses of gin. A more pretentious crew I have never seen. One morning, when I was out with the Captain, I met one of them whom his owner was leading by a leash. "Self-satisfied little muff!" I hissed, as I passed. "If I could

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

only get at you," he had the cheek to retort, "I'd make mincemeat of both of you!", and he pretended to tug at his leash. Thereupon the Captain turned back, and cleverly bit through the leash—and you never saw anyone



YOU NEVER SAW ANYONE SKURRY SO QUICKLY IN THE WRONG DIRECTION AS  
MASTER CHARLIE.

skurry so quickly in the wrong direction as Master Charlie. So much for King's blood!

At times, if we were good-tempered, we would content ourselves with a little mild chaff and horse-play. For example, there was a pampered little beast known to us as "The Lump of Fat," whom we would frequently meet. He was so stout that he could scarcely

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

waddle along, and he used to be dragged out for walks by an old one-legged crossing-sweeper. "The Lump of Fat" rather fancied himself as an aristocrat, and we used to have great fun by pretending we thought that the old one-legged crossing-sweeper was his master. And then we would bark and snap at the heel of the one-legged crossing-sweeper, and both he and "The Lump of Fat" would almost die of fright.

But we would never show any mercy to Pug-dogs, whether of British or foreign make. Pug-dogs are impercence incarnate, and their look of self-satisfaction was always treated by us as a direct challenge; and our members took more little bits out of pugs than out of any other sort of dog—the over-fed toads. There is an ugly brute named "Fairy" who will not forget me in a hurry, I fancy. He cottoned up to me one day when we were alone. The next afternoon he cut me when he was out with a friend. But I soon reminded him of my existence. "Meat," I remarked, as I took a deep bite, "is sweetest nearest the bone," and I can still hear the little snob's squeal.

## CONCERNING FOREIGNERS

Sometimes, if we felt frolicsome, we would not wait for trouble to come to us, but we would even make it. This we managed by means of the Club Bone. We would leave the Club Bone in the road, as a decoy. Then we would hide round the corner, and, as soon as a thorough-breed began to tackle the bone, we would all rush out and angrily accuse him of trying to rob the poor.





WAR



## WAR

THE "*Grandes battues*," when the Dogs of War put forth their whole strength, took place comparatively rarely—not more often, on the average, than once in two months—for the Captain would not have us waste our corporate strength on what he considered unworthy objects. But, when a big fight did take place, we were almost invariably successful. Which was only what was to be expected, for, apart from our having the Captain—who, with his wonderful organising power, was a host in himself—mixed breeds are always more intelligent than thorough-breeds. Even humans, who sometimes stumble on the truth, acknowledge this, and, if you wanted proof of the stupidity of the thorough-breeds, you have their ignorance of this fact.

It is astonishing, when I come to think of

## WAR

the number of engagements in which I have taken part, how seldom I came to any harm. "Fortune favours the brave" was the flattering explanation given by the Captain, who had an apt quotation for everything. In a way, of course, I was armour-clad. I refer to my rough hair. We rough-coated dogs have a distinct advantage in a scuffle, as it takes an opponent a long time to work through to our flesh, and the probability is that, before he reaches it, he will have swallowed so much hair that he will be incapacitated by a fit of coughing. And that is the time when we drive home any advantage that we may already have obtained. And I had something else in my favour. My sort are usually very affectionate dogs, with no fight in them. This would put the others off their guard, and I would get in first bite.

The Captain, too, was wonderfully immune from damage. Yet, perhaps, in his case this was not remarkable, for, like all good officers, he, more often than not, directed operations from a distance. The Captain was the brain of our army, I its right arm. There was an astonishing difference between us. The Captain

## WAR

was always as cool as a cucumber ; I, on the other hand, was all flurry and fluster, if any thinking had to be done. As the Captain told me more than once, I had not the head of a great leader. My impulsive nature was against me.

I remember that this was the case when I received word one day that the president of "The Gentlemen's Club" had referred to "The Dogs of War" as "an association of cads, loafers, traitors, and freaks." I rushed off hot-haste to the Captain, and advised that we should attack at once. The Captain agreed that if ever there was justification for a fight it was this. But he advised a few days' delay, not only that the necessary dispositions might be made, but also with a view to putting the "Gentlemen" off their guard, for they would imagine by then that we had come to the conclusion that the indictment was true, and that therefore we did not resent it. Clever little Captain! Of course, he was right. We duly surprised the enemy, and gave them the trouncing they deserved.

One of our most notable achievements was the entire subjugation of "The Upper Ten,"

## WAR

whose overbearing demeanour had become intolerable to us. They were all big fellows, and it was an uphill struggle. It lasted two days. The first day we reduced them to "The



THIS WAS THE SIGN OF SURRENDER.

Upper Eight," The Map disabling one, and I another. The next morning the Hippopotamus put a third out of action, and I lamed their leader. In the afternoon this leader limped up to the Captain, turned over on his back,

## WAR

and flung up his legs. This was the sign of surrender. The Captain led him aside, and terms were discussed. As finally agreed, they were generous—far too generous, in my opinion. The Upper Ten were to cease from insulting us either in speech or by gesture, they were always to address us as “Sir” when they spoke to any of us, and to stand aside as we passed. That was the end of The Upper Ten.

This defeat caused considerable alarm among the smaller thoroughbred dogs' clubs, and there was some talk of forming a Federation, but it came to nothing. At the same time what the Captain always feared was that “The Blue Bloods” and “The Junior Blue Bloods” might amalgamate, for, together, these might have been strong enough to smash us. However, there was generally a certain amount of friction between the two, and the Captain cleverly added fuel to the fire by circulating false reports as to nasty remarks made by members of the one club concerning members of the other. Our delight may therefore be imagined when one day we heard that hostilities had actually broken out between them,

## WAR

and that all fears of a combination were at an end.

“The Blue Bloods” alone, however, were a powerful organisation, and it was only due to the superior generalship of the Captain that we were ultimately able to inflict a blow on them from which they never really recovered.

The Captain on this occasion showed superb strategy. By the by, I do not think I have mentioned yet that the Captain’s people called him “Nap,” which is short for Napoleon, who was a great general something like the Captain. Curiously enough, I have been told, he too was of small stature.

Information had reached us that “The Blue Bloods” were to hold a business meeting to discuss the affairs of their club at a certain fashionable Square on a certain day. Shortly before this we had been called Poltroons by one of their number. The Captain now saw a chance of a *coup*. On the day in question we mustered every man we could place in the field, and met at an agreed spot. The Captain then gave us our directions. We were split up into three parties, and each of such



## WAR

parties was, at a given signal, to rush into the Square by a different road, and surprise and overcome the enemy.



"YOU LILY-LIVERED HOUND!"

The plan was completely successful. It was a glorious fight, lasting two hours. A number of tradesmen's boys kept the ring; pailfuls of

## WAR

blue blood ran, ladies fainted and shrieked, but, though out-numbered, we won ultimately, and the police did not appear upon the scene until "The Blue Bloods" were in full retreat. It was on this occasion that I saved the Captain's life. A great black beast, like an undertaker, had downed the little fellow. With the words, "You lily-livered hound!" I flew at the black beast's throat, and half throttled him. I got bitten in the leg, but what cared I? The Captain escaped, and I had saved his life.

Yes, we were nearly always successful—though our enemies often circulated lying reports of victories. In fact, I can only remember one genuine defeat. That was the Barking fiasco. We felt, one day, that we would like to take on an easy job for a change. Someone suggested, "Why not make a raid on Barking? Barking dogs don't bite, you know." It seemed to us a good idea, and we set out. It was a long way off, and we were tired when we arrived there. Suddenly, while we were looking round, we were ourselves attacked by as ugly a swarm of dogs as you ever saw. Amusingly, they called us "toffs."

## WAR

We were completely taken by surprise, and not one of us escaped without injury. Even the Captain suffered a slight contusion, though I looked after him as well as I could. I myself had one of my ears split. You never saw such a tatterdemalion crew as we were after the fight. On the Captain's instructions, each of us returned home by a different route, as it would have been bad for the *prestige* of the Club for us to be seen in a body in that condition. So much fur was lost that day that several members caught severe colds, and it is supposed that the seeds of consumption which ultimately carried off The Pipe-Cleaner were then sown. My own idea is that the Barking dogs had been warned of our coming—I believe by a former member of the Club, whom the Captain had expelled with ignominy a short time before for telling falsehoods. I met this dog on my way back, and I fancy he smiled. Anyhow, he will not smile again.

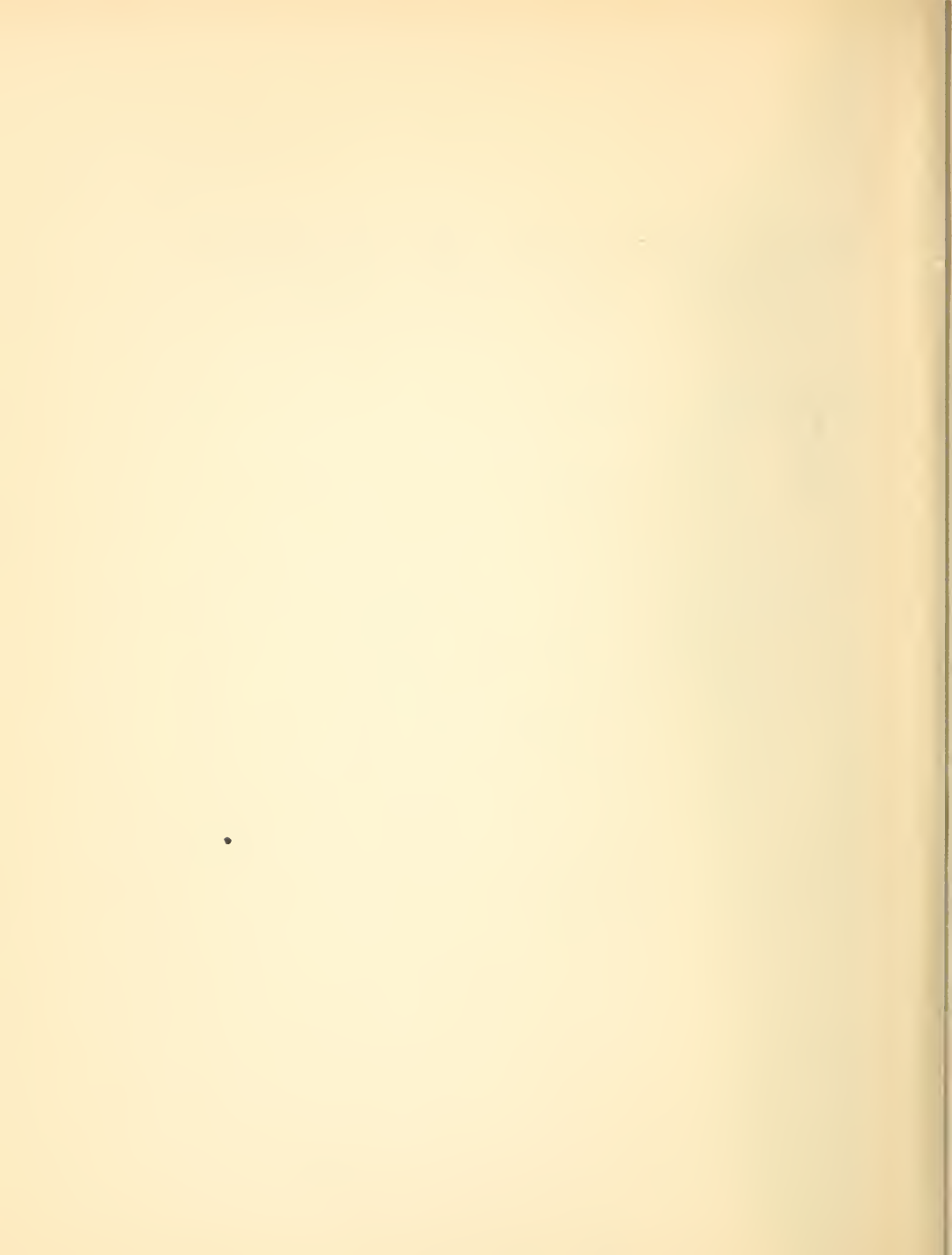


'THE DANGER OF WORDS WITH  
TWO MEANINGS



## THE DANGER OF WORDS WITH TWO MEANINGS

**T**HAT Barking affair showed the danger of ambiguous words. A very dear friend of mine met with his death from the same cause. He was told of a clever dog who, upon receiving a copper from his master, would run with it to a neighbouring baker's, and obtain in exchange quite a quantity of biscuits. My friend, upon hearing this, thought he would do likewise. So he went out and fastened his teeth into the first policeman he met, and tried to drag him into a confectioner's. The copper, however, resisted strenuously, and, in the scuffle that ensued, my poor friend received a blow on the head which proved fatal.





OUR SUNDAY CONVERSAZIONI



## OUR SUNDAY CONVERSATIONES

**B**UT enough of War. Let us turn now from the scenes of strife to the more pleasing picture of our Sunday Conversaciones. At these social reunions there was scarcely a subject that was not discussed, and when the Captain, with his wonderful culture, was present no topic came up which was not illumined by his trite and shrewd remarks, so that I reckon it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been present on such occasions.



THE PRETTY WIT OF THE  
CAPTAIN



## THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN

**W**HAT made the Captain's conversation especially charming was the fact that he was possessed of a pretty wit. He would say things which would even make a cat laugh. He was, indeed, first in Peace and first in War. He has been called, with justice, one of the wittiest dogs of the century. Many of his sayings I have treasured up.

He was asked, one day, what he thought of the one-meal-a-day diet for dogs which was being advocated by the digestion reformers. He replied that he had no objection to it so long as the meal lasted all day.

A poodle was bragging of his pedigree. "My ancestors came over with the Conqueror," he said. "Oh," retorted the Captain, with his inimitable drawl, "from your appearance I

## THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN

should have thought it was Richard Cur de Lion.”

To another conceited hound he once said, “Call yourself a stud dog? You look more like the missing link.”

The Captain was not above a pun if he thought it a good one—which, of course, it always was.

One night I returned very late from cat-scaring. The house had been locked up, and my master had to come down in his dressing-gown to let me in, and he made a fuss about it.

“What excuse did you offer?” asked the Captain.

“Couldn’t think of any,” I said.

The Captain’s eye twinkled. “You silly old Ears,” he said; “why didn’t you say you could not tell the time as you did not meet a watch-dog?” Upon another occasion he recommended me to call a wire-haired terrier and send a telegram to say that I should be late for dinner. He made me roar sometimes with his remarks. And it was all done so easily, with no apparent effort. A member of the Club



## THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN

received a legacy under the will of his mistress. "I suppose you'll put the money in the Dogger Bank," remarked the Captain.

He once described The Dyspeptic as "a dog of a very cross breed." Again, talking of toy dogs, he remarked, "Sometimes I feel inclined to buy a pennyworth of weed-killer and dispose of the lot of them." And I have heard him frighten one of these almost out of his skin by saying, "Do you know, sir, that my men eat two or three of you for breakfast every morning?"

He always put things wonderfully well. One of our members was guilty of some little peccadillo—I forget now what it was—and the Captain decided to give him one more chance. "You say," said the Captain, "you are the son of a retriever. Very well. Go now and retrieve your character." To another member—I think it was The Turnip—he said one day, "You call yourself a well-bred dog. Why, you haven't got a single manner." Once he gave us a lecture on the subject of falsehoods. "Let sleeping dogs lie," he wound up, "*you* always speak the truth."

## THE PRETTY WIT OF THE CAPTAIN

I could, indeed, fill a volume with the Captain's dry remarks. And, if he could crush with a cutting word, he could also comfort by a bright idea. For instance, when my ear was split in two, and I was suffering great pain, I remember how he bucked me up with the words, "Never mind, old fellow, it has increased your value. You are by way of being a curio now. You are probably the only dog in the world with three ears." I smiled through my tears.

THE DOG SHOW TALE



## THE DOG SHOW TALE

**A**ND the Captain was an admirable *raconteur*. No one could spin a yarn so well as he. His best tale, I think, was the one he told to demonstrate the value of Dog Show honours. The Captain declared it to be true, and we were never tired of hearing it.

There was a gentleman, said the Captain, living in Ireland who owned an Irish terrier named Kathleen. One day Kathleen presented her master with two of the queerest-looking pups that ever saw daylight. Their sire, it was said, was a French poodle, and one could well believe that this was at least the truth. You never saw such freaks. About a year after their birth, their master heard that a Dog Show was to be held in a village where he happened to be staying at the time. Being of a sportive disposition, he decided that, for

## THE DOG SHOW TALE

the fun of the thing, he would enter his marvellous mongrels in the "Any other variety" class, under the name of "Burmese Setters." To his intense surprise and amusement they were promptly awarded First and Second Prize.

The man's appetite was now whetted, and when, some six months later, the announcement of a really important Dog Show which was to be held in a neighbouring town was brought to his notice, he resolved to let the Twins try their luck once more. This time he decided that they should be "Thibetan Eel Dogs." Shortly after he had deposited them at the Show, a note reached him from the Secretary stating that the Committee were greatly interested in his exhibit, but unfortunately none of them was acquainted with the points of Thibetan Eel Dogs, and the Committee would be obliged if the exhibitor would kindly let them have a few lines about them. The exhibitor saw no reason why he should not oblige the Committee. So, after dinner, he wrote to say that a Thibetan Eel Dog was the means by which the Thibetan highlander secured his dinner. The dog waded

## THE DOG SHOW TALE

into the shallow upland streams, and knelt down. The eels then became entangled in the dog's long and shaggy coat, and, when sufficient eels had been trapped, the Thibetan whistled his dog out of the water, and dined.

This explanatory note was printed in full in the official catalogue, the dogs attracted a vast amount of attention, and carried off a Second and Third Prize.

But they caused trouble.

Among the visitors to the Town Show was an individual who had been also to the Village Show. He wrote a most indignant letter to the Press, saying that the Committee, for all he knew, might be nice amiable gentlemen, but they were certainly profoundly ignorant about dogs, for they had given two prizes to what were described as Thibetan Eel Dogs while anyone who knew anything at all about dogs must have recognised at once that they were Burmese Setters!

The correspondence raged for a number of weeks, and there was scarcely a so-called authority on dogs who did not take part in it.

Lord, how we laughed!





THE LOONEY







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L. H. Z.

ONE HOT SUMMER'S DAY THE LOONEY LOST SUCH LITTLE REASON AS HE HAD.

## THE LOONEY

**A**LTHOUGH the Captain was easily the most brilliant talker amongst us, he was by no means the only one whose conversation was worth listening to.

There was, for instance, The Looney.

The Looney was quite one of our most interesting members. This crack-brained fellow undoubtedly had a spark of genius in his composition. It was a pity that he was always so absurdly unpractical. He was essentially a dreamer, and not a dog of action. He was always thinking out wonderful schemes, which came to nothing. For example, he once propounded to us a most fantastic plan for besting cats. His idea was that we should, by hook or by crook, get hold of a number of cat-skins, and envelop ourselves in them. This would enable us to gain the confidence of the

## THE LOONEY

felines, who would think we were of their number, and we could then massacre them. The Captain, I remember, always practical,



THE LOONEY.

pulled up The Looney with the question, "But how about the difference in voices?" To which The Looney answered weakly that he dared say that with a little practice we could soon learn to miaouw.

## THE LOONEY

Another idea to which The Looney devoted much time, but which he never perfected, was the invention of a means by which dogs could take their own skins on and off. As he pointed out, this would get over the great washing difficulty. All dogs loathe having a bath, and if only we could send our clothes to be cleaned, as the humans do, there would be no necessity to wash. However, like all The Looney's wonderful ideas, it came to nothing.

One of The Looney's weirdest theories concerned little girls. According to The Looney, little girls are an undeveloped—a primitive—form of dog. He called our attention to the fact that they have tails at the back of their heads, and, one day, he said, they would walk like us. Indeed, he had heard that some little girls who gave performances at music-halls, and called themselves contortionists and acrobats, already did so.

And it was The Looney who proposed, one Sunday, that we should make horses honorary dogs, and so increase our numbers. He asked—and in this instance I consider there was perhaps something in his suggestion—why, if

## THE LOONEY

King Charles Spaniels and St. Bernards are both called dogs, the idea should not be carried a step further? But the Captain said it would be lowering ourselves, and that settled it, of course.

One hot summer's day The Looney lost such little reason as he had, and was shot, after a cruel custom of the humans.



THE MAN-HATER







BELIEVE ME, HUMANS ARE NOT VERY FINE FELLOWS THEN.

## THE MAN-HATER

**T**HE chosen companion of The Looney was The Man-Hater. He, too, was a fluent talker, and had ability of a sort, and might have shone in an assemblage where the Captain, with his giant intellect, was not present. Indeed, after the Captain's death, The Man-Hater founded the only club which had any measure of success.

For a long time a member known as The Socialist had been The Man-Hater's closest friend. But this miserable fellow became a backslider. We missed The Socialist one day, and, when next we met him, he, who had always been the most disreputable of us in appearance, was not only well groomed, but wearing a coat with a crest in the corner, if you please! I need scarcely say that the coat was in shreds in a very few minutes. It seems that The Socialist had been adopted by a wealthy maiden

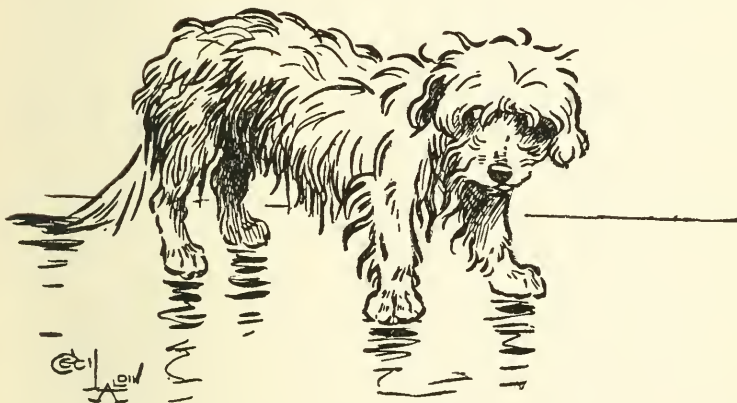
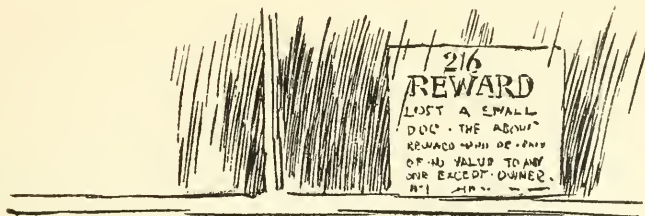
## THE MAN-HATER

lady, and had openly renounced his former views on the subject of the redistribution of property. Upon the death of the old lady The Socialist inherited a large share of her property, and became one of the wealthiest dogs in the country, and the last we heard of him was that he had been elected vice-president of the Gentlemen's Club. May he die of fatty degeneration of the heart!

The Man-Hater was made of most curious material. It was not fur at all, but a kind of mixture of cotton and silk. He told us he was very valuable, and we never disillusionised him. It was wonderful how The Man-Hater fancied himself. The Captain said it proved that there was a Providence.

The Man-Hater had no master. He lived by his wits, and was a good one for rats. Originally he had belonged to a faddist who held that dogs ought to have nothing but plain, wholesome food, and that only once a day, and not too much then. Chafing under this inhumane treatment, The Man-Hater went off one day for a week's tour in the company of some dog friends, with a view to bringing his master

# THE MAN-HATER



THE MAN-HATER.

to his senses. On the third day his master came to the conclusion that his dog was lost, and judge of the pained surprise of The

## THE MAN-HATER

Man-Hater (who had always had a high opinion of himself) when, on his way home, he saw in a shop window a notice headed "Half-a-crown Reward," followed by a most insulting description of himself, which wound up with the words, "*Of no value to anyone except owner.*"

The Man-Hater turned back with an angry growl, and decided that his master might keep his half-crown. Since then, as I have said, The Man-Hater has lived by his wits, and, like not a few of us, has known what it is to walk about with an empty pouch.

Adversity has soured The Man-Hater.

Many of us were vegetarians, but The Man-Hater would not hesitate to bite a man if he thought it necessary. I have met him more than once with a sample of trousering in his mouth. His hatred of humans amounted almost to a mania, and the Captain frequently declared him to be no more sane than The Looney. Myself, I must confess, I was very often much impressed by what The Man-Hater said. At times he would quite unsettle me.

The Man-Hater was never tired of dilating on the injustices which we dogs suffered at the



## THE MAN-HATER

hands of humans. He would refer to the insulting notices, "No dogs admitted," which one meets with everywhere. He had even seen one, he said, at a Post-office—the very place where the taxes which are so unjustly imposed on us are paid. He was furious about this, and wanted to form at once a "Society for Biting Postmen." And you cannot take up a dog paper—all edited, to our shame, by humans—without finding its pages sullied by vile advertisements of disinfectants. In the largest city in the world there is only one periodical, *The Spectator*, which is run with the object of showing how clever dogs are. Then again he would draw our attention to expressions which humans frequently used in addressing one another, such as "You dirty dog!", "You hound!", "Give a dog a bad name and hang him", "It's a night on which I wouldn't even send a dog out" (*even I*), "Leading a dog's life," and so on. In using phrases such as these, humans, he declared, let the cat out of the bag, and showed what they really thought of us, for all their hypocritical pretence of liking us.

And The Man-Hater made a good point

## THE MAN-HATER

when he said that the fact that the humans tried to make us believe that they liked us proved how they secretly feared us. He was constantly urging us dogs to assert ourselves more than we did. Humans were only kept in power by our stupidity. If we liked to combine, he said, and sink our own little differences, we could carry all before us. He asked the Captain one day how many dogs there were in London. The Captain, whose encyclopædic knowledge was never appealed to in vain, answered, "About 100,000."

"Very well," said The Man-Hater, "there are 100,000 of us. Just imagine what we could do if the whole 100,000 formed a solid phalanx, and marched through the West End, biting all whom we met. Who could stand against us?"

I must admit that the picture appealed to me—but then I was always easily carried away by enthusiasm. The Captain merely smiled, and said, "Well, bring me your hundred thousand dogs, and then I'll consider the idea."

The only occasions, by-the-by, on which I felt the slightest irritation against the Captain were when he threw cold water on some grand

## THE MAN-HATER

scheme like this. The Man-Hater, however, stuck to his guns, and said he was convinced that if we only showed a bold front the whole human dynasty would crumble to pieces. All that held it together at present was our own misjudgment of our powers. *We* underrated ourselves, while the humans overrated themselves. Human conceit, indeed, seemed to know no limits. At times it was actually amusing. He had seen, for instance, the other day, in a book-shop window, a volume entitled "All about Dogs." Self-satisfaction such as that really made one smile. As though any man knew all about dogs! They knew, of course, just so much as we let them know.

Humans never seemed to guess, The Man-Hater would continue, how unfavourably they compared with dogs. Why, they could not even do such a simple thing as to follow you when you went out for a walk. He remembered that when he had a master and was running on ahead he would have to look round every other minute to see whether the fellow was following or not. Humans think they are intelligent, but they are really the crassest fools

## THE MAN-HATER

on the face of the earth. "Take, for instance, the question of food," said The Man-Hater; "they have as much to eat as they like. Yet—I have frequently watched them at meals—they will often leave something on the table. Show me the dog who would do that! A dog would take his opportunities." This was all wonderfully true. "And then see what rotten little families humans have. If they have triplets they think no end of themselves, and they receive the Royal Victorian Order, or something. Look, on the other hand, at our families. When we do a thing we do it well. If we decide to have children there is no half-heartedness about us, and a proud mother of duodecimplets is almost an everyday affair. And note how much more quickly we mature than humans. Compare one of us when a year old with that squealing, helpless mass of pulp known as a baby."

And so he would go on. There was, of course, a great deal in what he said. There is a large amount of make-believe about humans. Humans think they are very impressive, and all that, but I happen to have seen them at

## THE MAN-HATER

their amusements. Once, for example, I peeped in at a "Dance." There they were turning each other round and round for hours together, with stupid expressions on their faces. And I have seen my master in pyjamas. Believe me, humans are not very fine fellows then.

And The Man-Hater would, with a view to weaning us from our respect for humans, impress on us our great value. Dogs, he declared, were frequently sold for as much as £100, and he would call upon us to show him the man who would fetch that price. He had even heard of the enormous sum of £800 being given for a dog; and, by a characteristic piece of sharp practice, the dog himself was never allowed to touch the money he had earned. The injustice of this he brought home to us by pointing out that £800 carefully invested would bring in £32 a year. "Think of the bones one could buy with that!", he cried excitedly. Statements of this sort would be received by the majority of us with loud yapping. Value, The Man-Hater held, should carry with it corresponding rights. At a moderate estimate he calculated that the 100,000

## THE MAN-HATER

dogs in London were worth £70,000,000. This figure he arrived at from the fact that he had seen it stated that a recent exhibition of 3,500 of the most worthless sort of dogs, namely, Show dogs, had represented a value of £250,000. So much for their capital value. The earning capacity of dogs, too, was immense. At the Jubilee Show of the Kennel Club they had made £6,900 in prizes, and it was significant that, when dogs did care to compete at Dog Shows, they invariably carried all before them.

“If only we dogs had a little better idea of our value and showed a united front we could get rid of all our disabilities,” he declared again and again. “Let us not be afraid to demonstrate our power. On the few occasions when we have done so we have always been successful. Some of us are old enough to remember the time when a law was passed that every dog was to wear a muzzle. But we dogs would not stand interference in such a private matter as dress, and what happened? The obnoxious statute was withdrawn. Moreover, I would remind such of you as champion humans that whenever there has been any anti-dog

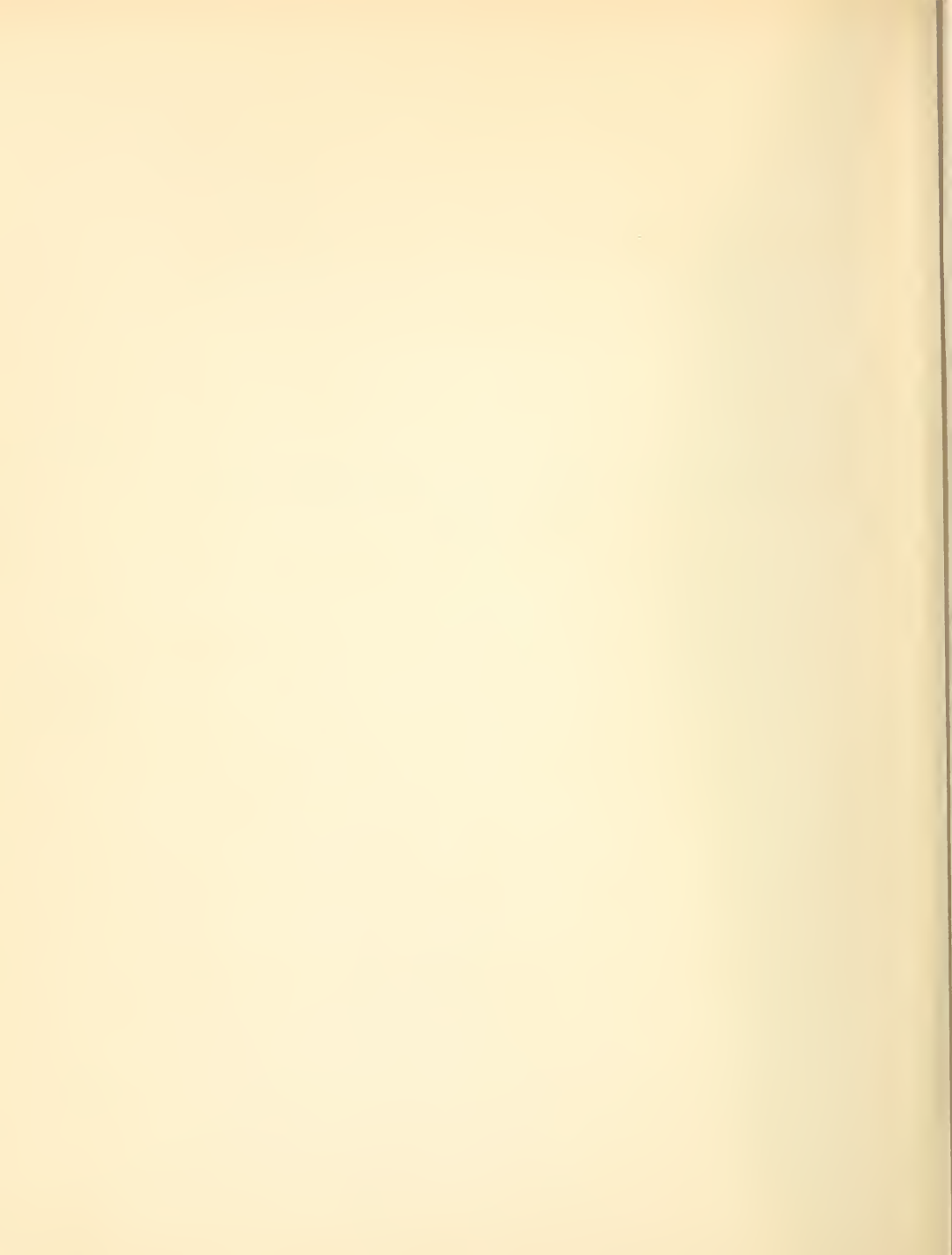
## THE MAN-HATER

legislation it has always emanated from humans. How long are you meekly going to put up with this? At present we dogs—or some of us—protect our so-called masters. If you liked to put forth your power all this might be altered, and the more pleasant picture might be seen of humans lying outside dog-kennels at night guarding their far more valuable occupants. Drive home your power, dogs. The humans already acknowledge it to a certain extent. Take, for example, the notice '*Cave Canem*,' which the Captain will tell you is foreign for 'Beware of the Dog.' These mere words, with no dog behind them, are sufficient to inspire terror in the hearts of humans. There is a tribute to you! Consider what it means. Wake up, dogdom!" And I would growl, but the Captain would merely smile and shake his head.





THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO  
HUMANS



## THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS

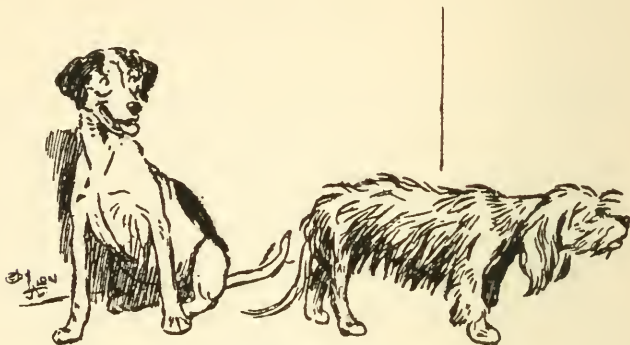
**U**NLIKE the rest of us, the Captain would always refuse to be impressed by The Man-Hater. He let him make speeches, he said, because it amused him. But The Man-Hater, he held, ranted, and did not talk practical politics. One day, I recollect, after The Man-Hater had delivered an impassioned oration proving conclusively the inferiority of Man, the Captain said to him quietly, "By-the-by, my young friend, were you not thrashed within half-an-inch of your life last night by a butcher for stealing a chop?", and The Man-Hater slunk off. The Captain had a way of making one feel small like that.

And one of the Captain's trite sayings was, "Recognise things as they are. Never forget

## CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS

that the Isle of Man is bigger than the Isle of Dogs."

The Captain, himself, was strangely tolerant of humans. He was, indeed, inclined to spoil them. For instance, if, when I was out with



THE MAN-HATER SLUNK OFF.

my people, we were to meet the Captain, he would always say "How-do-you-do" to my people before passing the time of day to me. And he would behave in the same way when he came to my house. I always felt it, but the Captain held that politeness cost nothing, and might mean a biscuit. "Never quarrel with your food" was one of his rules of life.

## CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS

The Captain, further, had a theory that the majority of humans were really well-meaning, and that most of the mistakes they made were due to ignorance rather than to malice. We must remember, he said, that even when they thrash us for attacking other dogs they probably have not heard what has been said to us; and we should at the same time remember this—that we are sometimes called good dogs when we are not that. “Think of the hundreds of whackings you have all earned and not received.” And we should not forget that they often take considerable pains to make themselves understood by us. For example, when they are going out for a walk, they put on hats. To show us it is dinner-time, they don evening dress. When they are leaving town they put themselves to the trouble of taking huge boxes with them. And even the fire-engine men, against whom so many dogs rail, have the decency to shout themselves hoarse to give us a chance of getting out of the way.

But, just as the Captain held that it was unfair to hate humans, so he considered it

## CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS

absurd to envy them to the extent that some dogs did. Beyond the fact that humans have unlimited food, and need not take baths unless it is their hobby, he considered that all the advantage was on the side of the dogs. "It might, in fact," he once remarked, "almost be said that humans are our slaves. They earn our food, and even wait on us, while we sit at home in luxury and ease."

One of the Captain's maxims was, "Let dogs be dogs, and let humans be humans." Nothing riled him more than to see dogs copying humans, especially in matters of dress, and he told me that once he was frankly sick under the table when his mistress read an article from the paper on "Fashions for Dogs," from which it transpired that many dogs now wear sealskin jackets, with pockets for perfumed handkerchiefs, and carry any amount of jewellery; while some little fops are actually dyed to match their mistress's dress, so that a scarlet fox terrier or a squash-strawberry bull-dog may yet be seen. By-the-by, the next issue of the paper contained an anonymous letter protesting strongly against all this tomfoolery, and I have

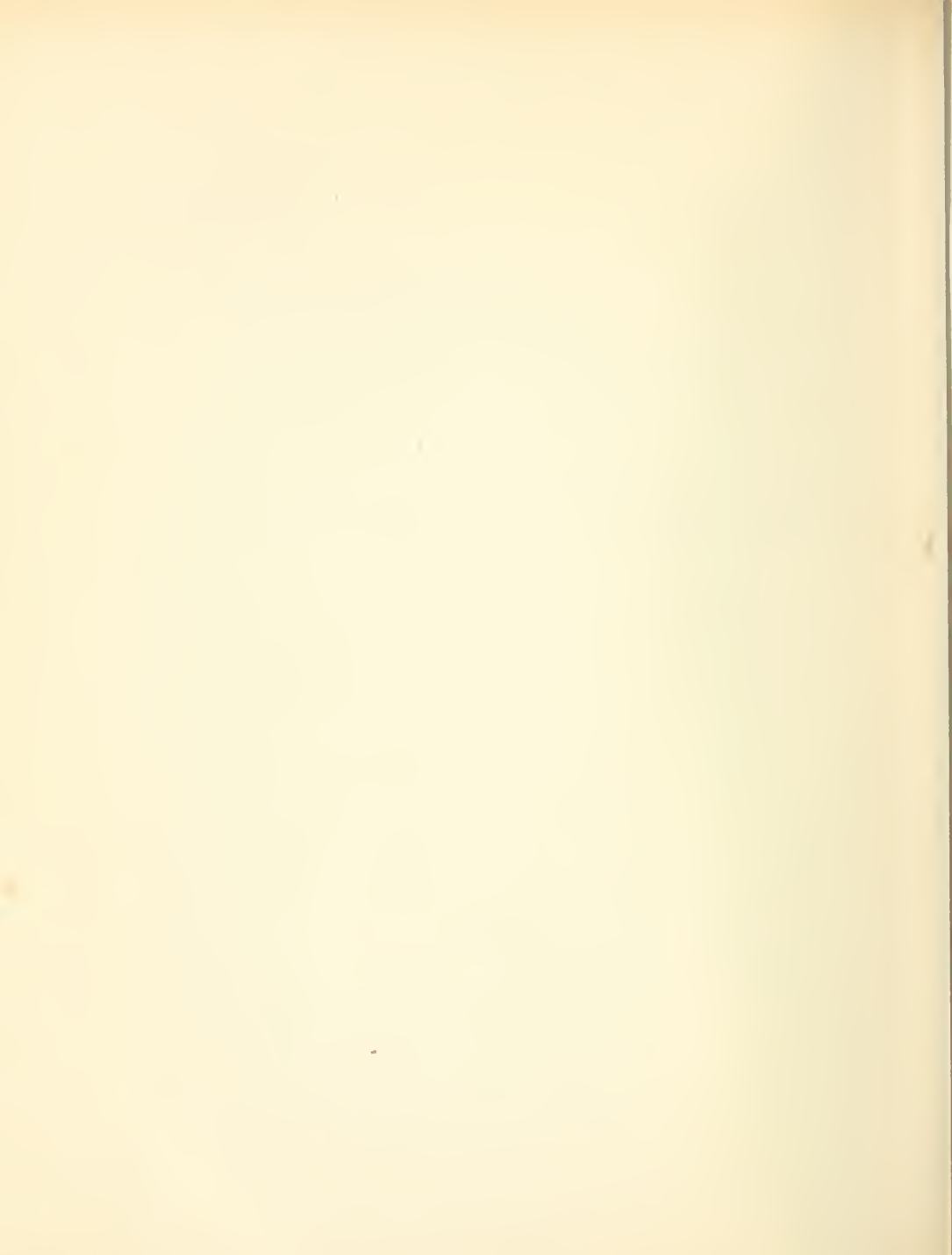
## CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE TO HUMANS

a pretty shrewd idea as to who wrote it. It certainly contained the word "degeneracy," which I have heard the Captain use more than once; and, when I asked the Captain if the letter were his, he did not deny it.





# THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION







EVEN THE CAPTAIN WENT THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE KNOWN AS BEGGING.

## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION

**T**HERE was only one respect in which the Captain would unreservedly allow that humans left much to be desired.

I refer to Food. The Captain had a fine appetite, and he frequently found it thwarted. I did what little I could for him myself. I held that an exceptional fellow like the Captain should be bound by no ordinary dog rules, and, when he came to my house, he always had the run of my bones and biscuits. Indeed I have often gone hungry for the Captain.

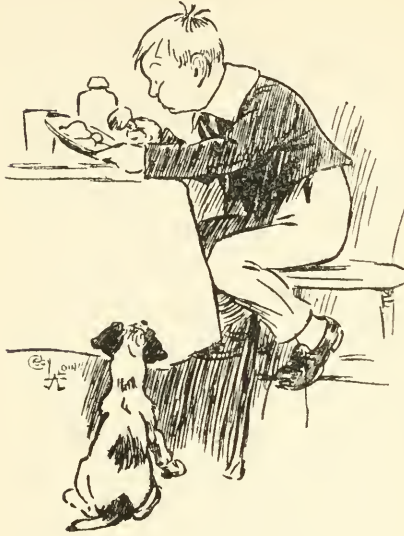
Humans are undoubtedly the greediest animals in existence. They have four meals a day, and make a fuss if one of us asks for a mouthful.

The Hog used to say that no dog need starve. But that is nonsense. Not all of us

## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION

have The Hog's wonderful digestion, and not all of us care to convert ourselves into stock-pots.

And not only do we starve in the midst of plenty, but the price we have to pay for such crumbs as we get is loss of self-respect.



WAITING FOR SCRAPS FROM THE RICH  
MAN'S TABLE.

Even the Captain sat on the floor during mealtime waiting servilely for scraps from the rich man's table. It would irritate *me*, so the effect on one of the Captain's dignity may easily be imagined. It was an insult to his position.

And then the uncertainty of the thing. We never know how much we are going to get. When they give us something from the table they never say whether more is coming. Consequently, we bolt what is thrown us, so as

## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION

not to keep them waiting if they should want to give us a second bit. But, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that second bit never comes. All you have in its place is heart-racking remorse at the thought that you might have lingered longer over the first bit.

And at times insult is added to injury. Frequently my master, on offering me something from the hoarded store on his plate, has said, "Now, don't snatch!" Let him practise what he preaches. I have frequently heard him say that he himself had snatched a hasty meal during the day.

And some people seem to think, amusingly, that empty praise can take the place of food. They will admire my alert expression when they are talking to me, and studiously ignore the fact that I am straining every muscle of my brain to try and hear some mention of eatables. A remark that is frequently made is, "How intelligent he looks, sitting there. He takes in everything." But they seldom give you a chance of showing how you could take in a lump of the pudding the greedy beasts are eating.

## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION

Humans starve you, and then, if, maddened by the pangs of hunger, you become a thief, you never hear the end of it. The wonder is that so few dogs join the criminal classes. I only stole once. It was game. Some dogs like biscuits, others bones. I would sell my soul for game. There was a duck for dinner, and none was given me. So I helped myself afterwards to its entire carcass. I was whipped for it. But it was worth the whipping. I got the best of the bargain.

The Captain held that, to obtain food, almost anything short of murder was justifiable. He even went through the performance known as "Begging" for it—though I fancy this was never known to the other members of the Club. The scandal that one in his position should be forced to such humiliating means of earning his bread must be patent to all.

As for myself, I was often reduced to eating flies. They make unsatisfactory food, but they are better than nothing. They say that fly-eating makes you thin—but don't you believe it: that idea was cleverly set on foot by the flies themselves. I became in course of



## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION

time something of an expert at catching them. I would lie down by the fire, and sham dead. The unsuspecting flies would then think themselves safe, and try all sorts of dare-devil tricks with me—and pretty fools they would look when I suddenly ate them.

Talking of flies reminds me of a whimsical idea of the Captain's. He was asked, one day, when a youngster, what he would like to be if he were not a dog. He answered promptly, "A fly." Pressed for his reason, he stated, "Because it is so jolly to be able to get a ride on horse-back whenever you want to."



MY PEOPLE







MY MISTRESS EVEN MADE ME SALUTE.

## MY PEOPLE

**I** TOO, had to perform parlour tricks for my food. It was hard on a warrior to be forced thus to bemean himself —still, as the Captain said, this is a world of compromise. My mistress even made me salute, with an absurd three-cornered paper cap on my head. The only redeeming feature of this tomfoolery was the slight military touch about it. She tried, too, to make me “shake hands” whenever I entered the room in the morning. I did this at first when it meant a lump of sugar, but, when she dropped giving me the sugar, I cured her of her love for the trick. It was one of the Captain’s smart ideas. I would go out into the road before my mistress came down to breakfast, get my feet thoroughly dirty, and, when she said “Shake,” she would find a damp, muddy paw in her hand. Another of

## MY PEOPLE

her tricks was to plant a biscuit on my nose, and refuse to let me eat it until she gave me permission. Sometimes she would keep me like this for several minutes, and I often wondered what would become of my *prestige* if



I CURED HER OF HER LOVE FOR THE  
TRICK.

a member of the Club were suddenly to come in. Sometimes, for a lark, my mistress would press her fingers on my nose for a second, and make me believe a biscuit was there, and, at the words, "Now you may have it!", I would throw up my nose, but of course nothing would come off. The first time my mistress did this, I remember, I growled at her when I discovered the deception. I also remember that the next moment I was so ashamed of myself that I went under the table of my own accord. After that I always humoured her,



## MY PEOPLE

and made her think that I believed that there really was a biscuit there, even when I knew there was none.

For I have always been fond of my mistress, even though her opinions and mine as to what constituted over-feeding did not coincide, and even though she sometimes whipped me for fighting other dogs without considering what the provocation had been. The Captain used to say that I was in love with her, but that was nonsense. I had, however, a healthy admiration for her, which is more than I had for my master. I would do almost anything for my mistress, and, even when she had given me a beating, after sulking for a time I would lick her hand to show that I had forgiven her. Indeed, she came to rely on this, and sometimes, when she had friends, and had punished me in their presence, she would say, "See, he'll kiss my hand, to show he is sorry." Then, as likely as not—it would depend on my humour—I would refuse for some minutes to do so, to prevent her getting too cocky. Besides, she should not have beaten me when strangers were present.

## MY PEOPLE

She had many good points, had my mistress. She dressed smartly, and I was always proud to be seen out with her. Then, again, her sister had a baby, and no dog. My mistress had a dog, and no baby. I was always glad that there was no family. The Captain's people had a number of sons, and I should say it was a nuisance having so many masters. Still, he managed them all right, as he did everything well.

And my mistress used to brush and comb me. I liked that. It is soothing, and afterwards one has the gentlemanly feeling for a time.

Some of the happiest evenings in my life, too, have been spent in the company of the Captain and my mistress. I refer to the Biscuit Races organised by my mistress. She would lie on the sofa, with some biscuits by her side, and we two dogs would sit on the floor, looking up. Suddenly she would seize a biscuit, and throw it as far away as she could, and the Captain and I would race for it. It was rare fun. The Captain used to get the biscuit more often than I, but he never guessed it was because

## MY PEOPLE

I let him. What an appetite he had! Would that I had let him have them all!

The Captain, who understood all about such things, once told me that the reason why I preferred my mistress to my master was that we naturally like our opposites. But I think there was something more in it than this.

My master, for all I know, may have been an admirable citizen, son, husband, and all the rest of it, and he certainly worked hard for my mistress and me, but he never succeeded in gaining my affections. He had silly ways. For instance, he had a cowardly method of punishing me when I had done wrong—or, I should say, displeased him. He would say, "Ah, that's a pity now, old man. If you had not done that, I was going to have allowed you to walk about on the table this evening when dinner was laid, and you would have been permitted to take anything you liked"—and so on. I half believed it was not true: still, it might have been, and the thought would madden me. If it was an attempt at being funny, it was in very bad taste. I like a joke as well as anyone,

## MY PEOPLE

but I do not consider food a fit subject for jest—in which I fancy all dogs will agree with me. And I shall not forget in a hurry the silly fuss he made when I stole the duck's skeleton. When I appeared in the hall the next morning ready for a walk, he declared that he could not go out with a thief—that he should not care to be seen in my company—that everyone would point a finger at him as being the friend and associate of bad characters, etc., etc., until, finally, I turned round and went back to the kitchen, for his meanness over a piece of dirty duck fairly disgusted me, and I decided that *I* should not care to be seen out with *him*. As a matter of fact, I seldom went for a walk with him, for, if I did, as likely as not he would fool me. I would imagine that we were off for a nice long jaunt, when suddenly he would jump into an omnibus, or a cab, or dive underground, and with the words, “Duped, by ——!” I would have to turn back. It was a dirty trick, but I soon got to know it, and sometimes he would beg me to accompany him, but not a step would I stir.

## MY PEOPLE

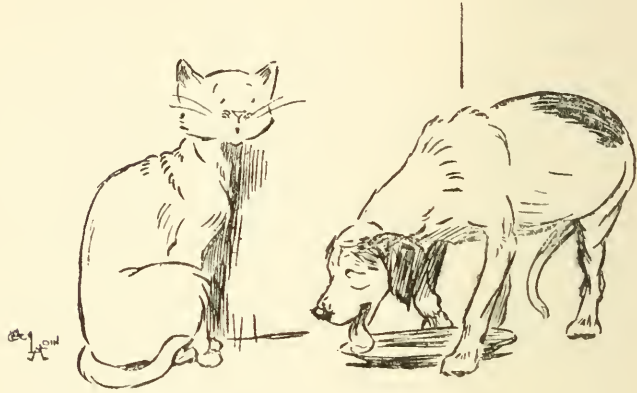
By-the-by, at times I would have fun with him. I would start for a walk with my mistress and him, and, if my mistress was carrying the whip, I would, when we had gone some way, leave them. Then, as my mistress still had the whip, but there was no dog with her, everyone must have imagined that she was carrying the whip because her husband was liable to be troublesome.

Perhaps I liked my master least when he took to patronising us, as he sometimes did. Once I overheard him telling a friend that he was not so sure that he did not prefer dogs to humans. The sting was in the "not so sure."

And I have known him stand between a cat and a dog. There was a yellow beast named Tabby Ochre who lived near us, and, one day, when The Torpedo had almost done for her, my master coolly interfered, and The Torpedo lost the chance of a lifetime. This cat, who was a well-known sprinter, had for long merited extermination for a treacherous attack on the Captain. One day the Captain found her just about to tackle a saucer of

## MY PEOPLE

milk. "Let's share it," said the Captain, who, when he wished, could fascinate anyone or anything. Tabby Ochre consented, and the Captain actually persuaded her to let him have first go-in. Now the Captain was never one to lose an opportunity, and, before Tabby Ochre



THE CAPTAIN AND TABBY OCHRE.

realised what was happening, the Captain had wolfed the lot. Tabby Ochre was furious, and demanded an explanation. "It's all right," said the Captain, "I've left you the saucer as your share." Which was witty, but show me the cat who can take a joke, and the Captain was an

## MY PEOPLE

awful sight when Tabby Ochre had done with him. She was promptly placed on our execution list, but she escaped again and again owing to her fleetness of foot.

Still, no one, I suppose, is all bad, and I once had occasion to admire even my master. One afternoon, when I was out for a walk by myself, I was, to my huge surprise, suddenly arrested by a constable, and dragged to a police station. My master—it was smart of him to smell where I was so quickly—appeared in the evening, and demanded the reason of my arrest. “He was wandering about not under control,” said the smooth-tongued officer. This, of course, was a lie. It is true that I almost lost control of myself upon hearing this misstatement, but at the time of my arrest I had myself under perfect control. To my master’s credit he defended me with some heat, declaring that I could find my way about anywhere, and the upshot of it was that we left the police station together, better friends than we had been for some time, and the lying constable looked pretty small.





SMITH







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MY WORD, BUT I WAS SURPRISED.

## SMITH

**M**ENTION of my people reminds me of Smith. Smith was a blot on my reputation, just as Shah was on the Captain's.

The Captain and I—though it never leaked out—both had cat friends.

I believe that such secret breaches of dog etiquette are not altogether uncommon, though seldom confessed. Indeed, there are not wanting those—and among them, the Captain—who hold that it shows a certain generosity of temperament—a fine freedom from prejudice—to admit one cat, as an exception, to all the privileges of our friendship. Still such views were never aired in public, for they would only have been misunderstood by the lesser minds.

The Captain suffered a handsome but proud Persian to be his friend and contemporary—in

## SMITH

his home. I shall never forget how thunder-struck I was when, by accident, I first made the discovery. I found the creature hiding under a chair in the Captain's dining-room, and was proceeding to rush her out, when the Captain, livid with rage, cried, "How dare you?" I had never seen him so angry, and I said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought it was a cat."

"So it is," he answered, "and don't you dare to touch her."

"Hoity-toity!", said I, losing my temper in turn. "Likewise what-ho!", and I made for the door. The Captain barred my way, and his tone altered slightly.

"Naturally, what you have seen is confidential," he said. I agreed, for my tantrums were always soon over. "And if you dare to tell a soul," he added, "I'll hound you out of the town." He need not have threatened me. Still, he was the Captain, and in a minute I was asking his pardon for having forgotten myself. My word, but I was surprised.

Soon afterwards, Smith, who was just an ordinary tabby—grey fur, lined inside with pink—stepped into my life.

## SMITH

She came to us as a tiny kitten, and, to please my mistress, I befriended her.

The awful name Smith she received from my master. My mistress begged that it might, at any rate, be Smythe, but my master was a bit of a tyrant. He insisted on naming all the cats who came to his house Smith, and the previous one had left on that account. There was

nothing funny about it: it was merely silly and tyrannical.

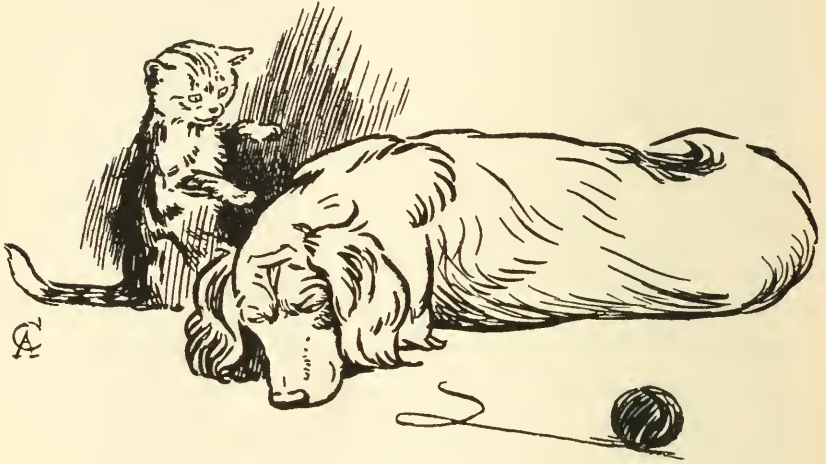
As a kitten, Smith was somewhat trying. She would insist on my playing with her,



SMITH—GREY FUR, LINED INSIDE WITH PINK.

## SMITH

whether I was in the mood or not. She grew up, however, into a lady-like, genteel young person, and something of an athlete. She was not so aristocratic in appearance as Shah, but nevertheless I was not ashamed of her.



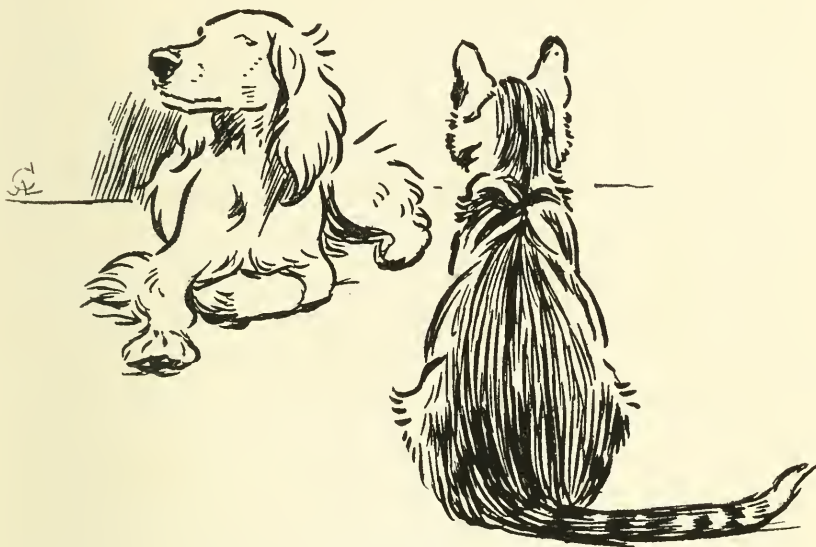
SHE WOULD INSIST ON MY PLAYING WITH HER.

It was a great thing to have had the training of her from infancy, and I sometimes wondered whether the objectionable qualities in other cats might not, after all, be due, to a large extent, to their bringing up. It was wonderful how fond I became of the little beggar,



## SMITH

and she, I felt, both loved and respected me. I fancy, in fact, that to Smith I was the Captain—and I rather liked the feeling. I would often surprise her gazing admiringly at me. I



I FANCY THAT TO SMITH I WAS THE CAPTAIN.

was to her, it was evident, the embodiment of beauty and physical strength.

And I took pains not to disillusionise her in regard to the latter point. At the cost of some inconvenience, when she pricked me, I

## SMITH

often pretended that I did not feel it. And I informed her that if I liked I could brain her with one blow from my paw. And I would tell her tales of combats with other dogs which would make her hair stand on end, so that the nervous little thing would beg me to take more care of myself. Sometimes I could not resist the temptation, and I would stick it on a bit, and tell her, for instance, how I had had a fight with a couple of horses and easily overcome them, or that I had chased half-a-dozen policemen for over two miles. Smith was curiously simple-minded, and it was the easiest thing in the world to stuff her. I told her that dogs really had claws, only they were too good-natured to use them. One day, again, she confessed to me that she had an immense admiration for flies—she thought it so clever of them to walk upon the ceiling. At this I informed her that it was really quite easy, and that, when I was younger, I would think nothing of running round the ceiling two or three times before breakfast. And she believed it, Lord forgive me! It was wonderful the opinion Smith had of me.

## SMITH

Now and then Smith would try a little mild bragging. For example, one morning she informed me that she too was a Quadruped, and I almost died of laughing. It seems that another cat had told her so. Trust cats, when they get together, to talk either nonsense or scandal. Which reminds me that the vile Tabby Ochre once declared to Smith that the Captain was one of the most cowardly dogs she had ever met. Smith had the decency, and the pluck, to tell her she was a liar. That, anyhow, was the explanation Smith gave of a nasty scar on her nose. By-the-by, some of Smith's mouse tales took a lot of believing.

A point about Smith for which I could not help having a hearty admiration was her agility. Smith used to say "Everything that a cat can get belongs to her," and, if she were hungry, she would, with the greatest ease, jump on to a shelf and help herself—while, if I were to have attempted such a feat, I know the dish would have come down with a clatter.

Naturally enough Smith and I influenced each other's habits and customs to some extent. I taught Smith how to lie down in a dignified

## SMITH

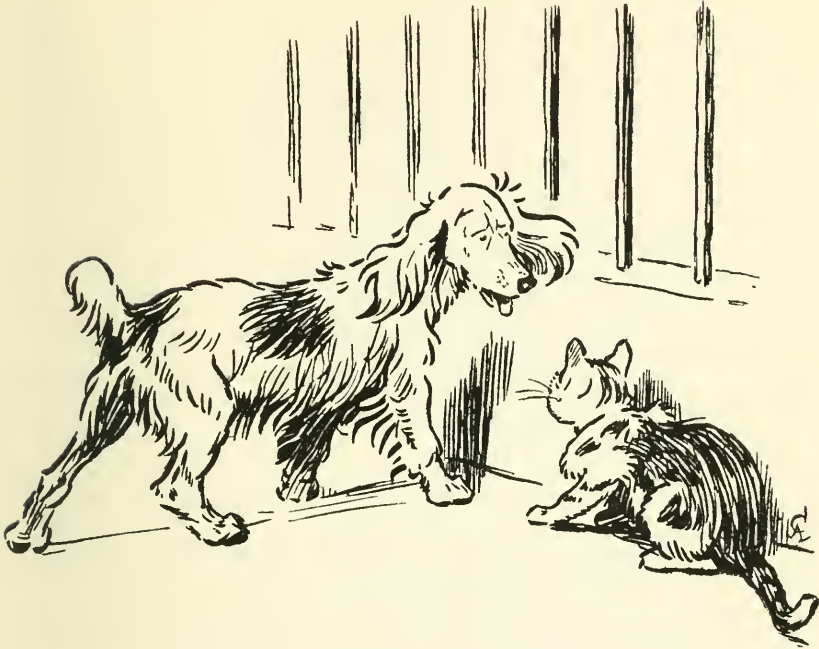
manner, with her paws straight out in front, and she taught me how to curl up comfortably. It used to amuse me to see how Smith aped me in a hundred and one ways. She even took to scratching herself. And she would eat plain bread like I did, because she thought it manly. And I taught her to wag her tail when she was pleased, like a civilised person, instead of when she was angry. This was great fun, as humans would be doing what she liked, and then they would suddenly stop, as they thought she disliked it.

By the way, the Captain once told me that the disagreement between dogs and cats owed its origin to tail-wagging. At the beginning of things, when animals had just been invented, the dogs declared that it was the correct thing to wag your tail when you were pleased, while the cats took the opposite view, and they have been fighting about it ever since.

The one thing that I feared in regard to Smith was that she would try to accompany me out of doors. I did all I could to frighten her off the idea by drawing a highly coloured picture of the dangers of the streets. I ran

## SMITH

motor-cars for all they were worth. I told her how the machinery of the cars, to their owners'



" WOULD YOU RUIN ME ! " I HISSED.

great annoyance, was constantly getting clogged up with cats. I also told her how the motorists wore coats lined with cat-skins, and how many cats, especially tabbies, were kidnapped for the

## SMITH

sake of their valuable clothes, stripped, and left naked by the roadside. In spite of this, one fine morning, judge of my alarm, on looking round, to find Smith following me! My rage knew no bounds. "Would you ruin me!" I hissed. Smith, I fancy, had never seen me so angry before. She crouched down, as though fearing I would hit her, and then slunk back, a picture of misery. It was, of course, a flagrant act of disobedience, and I am glad to say it was never repeated. It was the last time I had occasion to make any complaint to her. Taking her all in all she was a very good little thing, and, my word, how the little baggage adored me!

The Captain's attitude to Smith was somewhat peculiar. The first time they met, Smith ran up to the Captain, and anyone who did not know the Captain would have said he was afraid, for he moved off very quickly. After that Smith would frequently attempt to play with the Captain, as she often did with me. She would try all her arts of coquetry—for she was a bit of a flirt, was Smith—but the Captain would always ignore her. Officially, it was



EDY ALDIN

ANYONE WHO DID NOT KNOW THE CAPTAIN WOULD HAVE SAID HE WAS AFRAID.





## SMITH

evident, the Captain had resolved to deny her existence. Smith sometimes complained of this to me, but, as I told her, it was not for the likes of her to expect one of the Captain's rank and position to take notice of a little ordinary tabby cat named Smith.



THE CAPTAIN AND THE FAIR SEX

D.W.

O



# THE CAPTAIN AND THE FAIR SEX

**A** WORD now as to the Captain and the Fair Sex.

The Captain never dallied with females in my time. Some say that he had suffered a disappointment in his youth, and he certainly often referred to women as "fickle cattle." But the real reason, I feel sure, was a far loftier one. He thought that the example would be bad for the rest of us.

It was certainly not for want of encouragement that the Captain was so abstemious. Any number of designing females set their caps at him, and some of them, in their attempts to capture him, seemed dead to all feelings of modesty. One of them, "Black Maria," even went so far, after the Captain's death, as to declare that she had been engaged to him. It

## THE CAPTAIN AND THE FAIR SEX

was a falsehood. The only one of his many admirers for whom the Captain ever showed the slightest partiality was the dog Rose. She was a handsome wench, and, so far as the Captain had a tenderness for any woman, it was for her. Indeed, he even issued instructions that, although a thorough-breed, she was not to be molested by any of our members, and this naturally set a number of tongues wagging. But the Captain was never engaged to her, let alone to Black Maria. He went so far one day as to tell me in confidence that, if he had been a marrying man, Rose would have been the girl for his money. In appearance she would have been a worthy consort, and they would certainly have been a good-looking couple. However, it was not to be. The Captain never married, and, when he died, his line died with him, while Rose, I hear, remained an old maid all her life for love of the Captain.

FURTHER FINE QUALITIES OF  
THE CAPTAIN



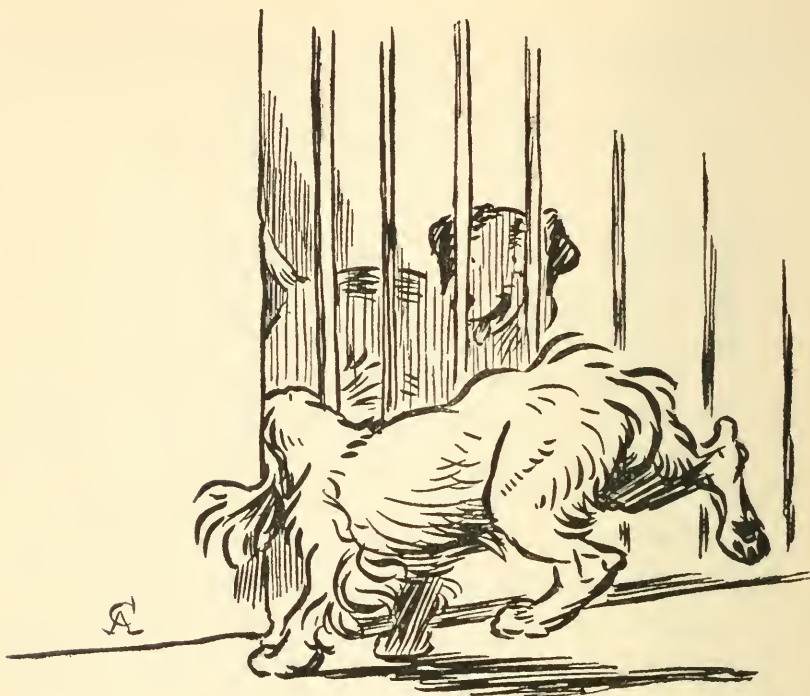


## FURTHER FINE QUALITIES OF THE CAPTAIN

**T**HIS account of the never-to-be-forgotten Captain now approaches its close, and if I have not mentioned all the Captain's splendid qualities, it is because, to do the Captain adequate justice, many bulky volumes would be required. I would have liked to dilate on his wonderful ingenuity. He rose to any difficulty. I recollect one day when we went visiting an aunt of my people's, who was always very generous to us, we found the iron gate of the garden shut. The Captain tried to push it open, but he was not heavy enough. The dear little fellow next put his head through the bars, but that was no good. Then he retired a few steps and rushed full pelt at the gate. The impact opened it, and he succeeded in withdrawing his head

## FINE QUALITIES OF THE CAPTAIN

and getting in before the gate closed again by its own weight. Upon trying to imitate the



I, WITH MY USUAL CLUMSINESS, GOT MY HEAD THROUGH THE RAILS.

Captain's tactics I, with my usual clumsiness, got my head through the rails, but could not get it back again, and had to be rescued by a passer-by. Which was characteristic of me.

## FINE QUALITIES OF THE CAPTAIN

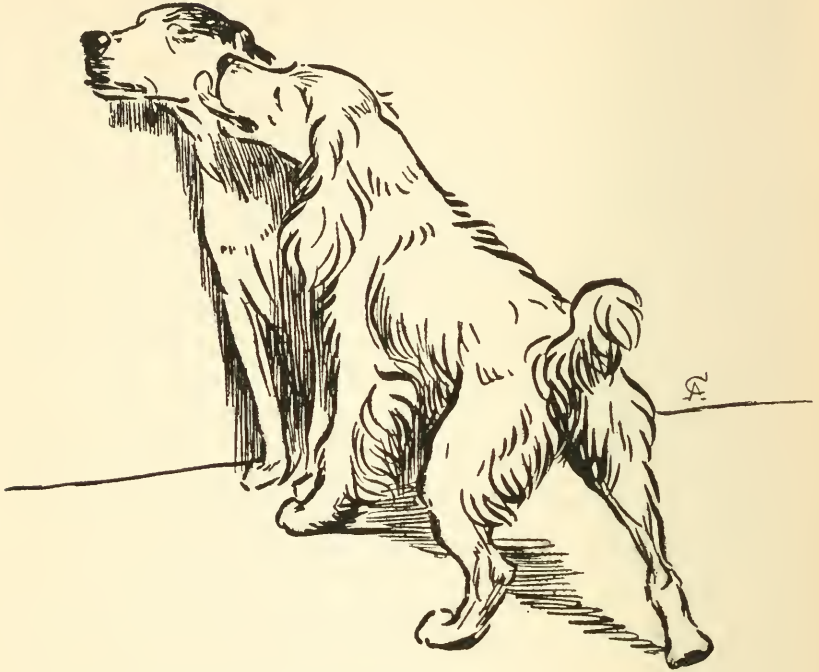
And then his extraordinary up-to-dateness, if I may use the expression. He it was who persuaded us to give up barking at motor-cars. He told me that they were bound to come, and we had better make the best of them; it was waste of energy to try and frighten them.

And his marvellous intuition! Once, when my mistress returned home after being away for a month, I rushed round to tell the Captain. Before I had said a word the Captain cried, "Your mistress is back!" I asked him afterwards how he knew, and he said, "By the light in your eyes, Ears."

And he was incapable of jealousy or suspicion. Only once in the course of our long friendship did I know him for one moment to distrust me. My people had bought me a kennel. I invited the Captain round to see my new villa, as I called it. It was a very handsome one, and, when the Captain saw it, his face clouded for a moment. "Ears," he said, "are you aiming at the Captaincy?" The next moment I could see he was sorry. But the Captain never apologised; that was a quality I rather admired in him.

## FINE QUALITIES OF THE CAPTAIN

Only once did he bite me, and then it was excusable, even if it was not, as I half believe,



I WAS RAINING KISSES ON HIM, AND I DID NOT KNOW HE HAD A SICK HEADACHE.

an accident. I was raining kisses on him, as I often would, and I did not know he had a sick headache.

## FINE QUALITIES OF THE CAPTAIN

As a rule he had wonderful spirits. In fact, I remember only one occasion when he was really depressed. The Captain had a secret larder behind some railings at the side of a house near his. It was his holy of holies, and even I was not allowed to enter. One day I found the Captain in tears. Wire had been placed over the bars of the railings, and he could not get through. They might at least have allowed him to clear out his larder first. I took the poor little man home and gave him a blow-out from my own store. This was shortly before the end.



THE END





## THE END

**A**ND now I come to the Last Chapter. And it will be a difficult one for me to tell, for the thought of the Captain's end still cuts me like a knife.

Yes, he died, did this great dog, whose portrait I have attempted to draw. Would that I had been taken in his place, for the world could better have spared me. One cannot understand these things.

How vividly I remember it all! How strange that he who had never had a day's serious illness in his life should go out suddenly like he did!

On the evening before the end, he came round to me. I offered him food. He refused it. "Captain," I said, "you're ill." He then told me that all the afternoon he had been suffering from dreadful pains in the underneath. He had come round to me in the hope that a

## THE END

little walk might do him good. Even as he told me this he was shaken by a dreadful spasm, and I advised him to get home as quickly as he could and go to bed. It was evident that he had eaten something which had disagreed with him. I then saw him home, though it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could walk, so frequent now were the spasms. I did not offer to go in, as I could see he would rather be left alone. So, with a "Good-bye, old man; keep yourself warm, and I'll be round in the morning," I left him, little thinking that that would be the last time I should see the dear fellow. I remember that as I spoke to him he looked up gratefully at me.

Stupidly, I did not realise how serious the matter was. The Captain had had similar attacks in a small way before, and they had always passed off overnight. I had often told him that he was not sufficiently particular as to what he ate. Sometimes, when very hungry, he would pick up things in the road.

Yet, in a vague sort of way, I seemed to have a kind of premonition of what was going

## THE END

to happen. I could not sleep, and, as soon as the gate was unlocked in the morning, I rushed up to the Captain's house. When I came to the corner where the Captain, with his bright little face, usually ran down to meet me, there was no Captain there, and all the wag went from my tail. I walked up to his door, but there was still no Captain. With sinking heart I sat down and whined until a servant opened the door. Her eyes were red with weeping. She patted my head, and all she said was, "Poor, poor doggie!"

Then I knew.

I do not know how I dragged myself home. I was as one stunned. The sense of overwhelming misfortune seemed to numb me, and my legs almost gave way under me. I could not eat anything, and I remember my master, who did not know what had happened, tried to joke with me. In the afternoon my people must have heard the news, for they were both extra nice to me, and my mistress petted me and tried in vain to tempt me with all sorts of niceties from her special sugar-biscuit box.

Later in the afternoon I made another

## THE END

journey to the house, for, on thinking it over, I could not believe it. Somehow I thought the Captain had so much influence that he would never die; and on reaching his street my heart gave a great leap, for I noticed that in none of the houses were the blinds drawn. In my excitement I scratched the door impatiently, and when it was opened I rushed into every room crying "Captain! Captain!" but the only answer I received was the servant's sobs, and then indeed I knew that my dear friend was no more.

Subsequently I learned that he had passed away early in the morning, and the doctor who was called in said it was Gastritis. So I was wrong in thinking it was stomach trouble. The Captain, I fancy, would have liked the big word.

He was buried in the dead of the night at some unknown spot. By reason of his being hurried into a secret grave I was prevented, to my eternal regret, from carrying out his last wishes. The Captain had always feared lest he should be buried alive, and he had made me promise that, if he predeceased me, the

## THE END

most approved scientific method of ascertaining whether there was still life in him should be employed. So I was to have offered him a biscuit.

Dear old fellow, I hope he knows it was not my fault.

The suddenness of it all was appalling.

On the day following his death I was summoned to a mass meeting of the Club, which had been hastily called together by interested parties. It was the fullest meeting ever held. It had been rumoured that the Captain had been poisoned by one of the rival clubs, and there were angry threats of reprisals. But there was very little genuine affection for the Captain shown. It seemed to me that I was the only one who was really heart-sore. The question of a new Captain was raised with indecent haste, and I think I was the only one not mentioned for the post, as I did not mention myself. As a matter of fact, the Captain had once said, while dining at my house, that, if anything were to happen to him, he wished me to be his successor. But I did not speak. I came away before the

## THE END

meeting was over, for it sickened me to hear them wrangling over the leadership, and the Captain scarcely gone. Mongrels!

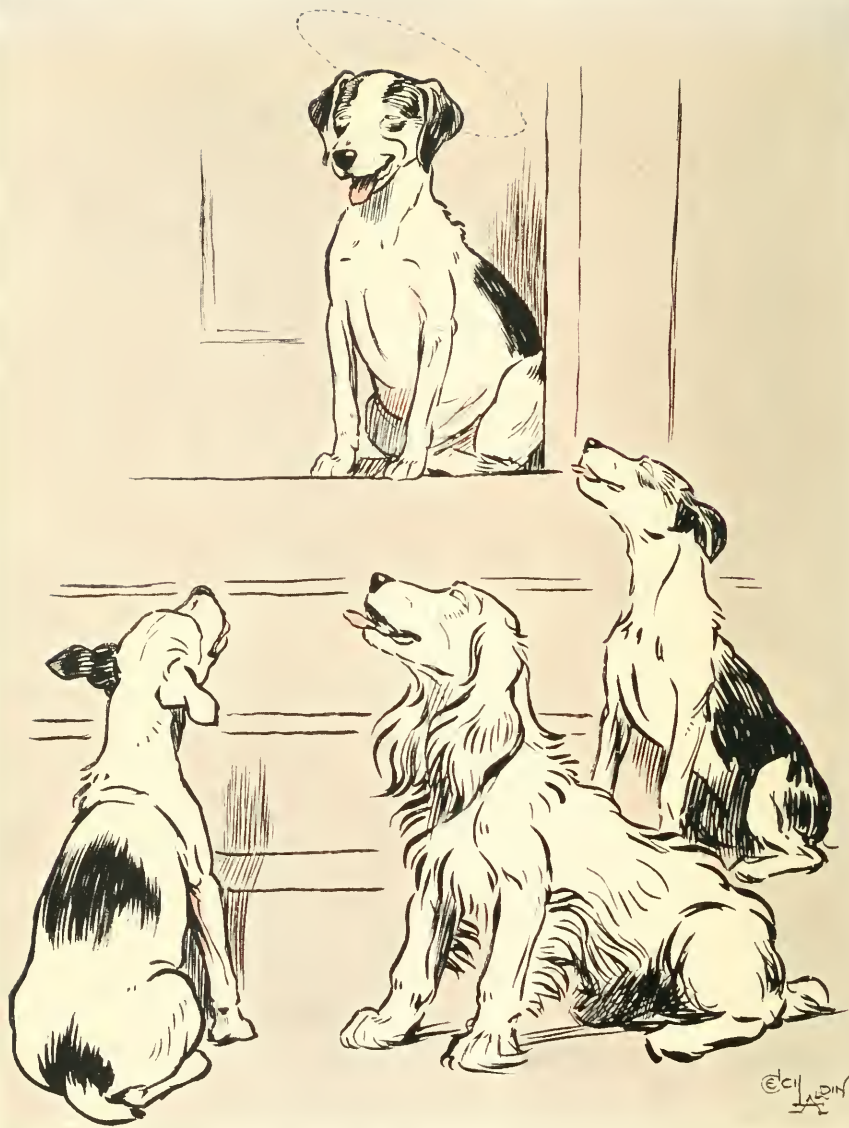
I had done with them. This was the respect they paid to the memory of the Captain, who had made them what they were—who had slaved for them, and watched over them like a father. Never again would I have anything to do with the petty crew. Blood will tell, after all. Bids were subsequently made for me by the thorough-breeds, but their advances, too, were rejected by me. I owed that to the Captain. I was willing to become a social out-cast. Thanks to the Captain, I was now strong enough to stand alone.

The Club survived the Captain for about a week. Then it split up into about a dozen different societies and associations, some of which comprised only two members, each with the rank of Captain.

So the Captain's life work perished with him.

I, too, nearly died. For days I could not touch food, and it was only thanks to the loving care of my mistress, and the gentle concern of Smith, that I was brought round. At





SEATED ON HIS OWN DOORSTEP—SURROUNDED BY DEVOTED FRIENDS



## THE END

times I even thought of doing away with myself, and that the first motor-car I met might have me. But my mistress and Smith made me feel that they would miss me. They, and even my master, were very good to me, so that I begin to see that the Captain was right in his opinion of humans—as, of course, he was right in everything.

What a rare fellow he was! The dear Captain! Have I pictured him, I wonder? It is impossible, I fear, with my poor vocabulary, and my memory is not what it was.

Were I a sculptor, what a statue I would raise to him! Seated on his own doorstep—surrounded by devoted friends, all looking up to him—the wise head on the young shoulders. How fine he looked then!

By-the-by, it is good to know that his name will not die out. In a grocer's shop, the other day, I saw a tin of his favourite biscuits. They are now called "Captain biscuits."

Sometimes I try to persuade myself that the Captain's death was all for the best. Latterly the poor old fellow had been haunted by the fear that he was getting stout: He

## THE END

often asked me whether it was so, and I always said "No." But it was so.

Still that does not make me miss him the less. I am always, always thinking of him. I have never recovered from the blow of his loss. I am fond of my mistress, and I am fond of Smith, but I have only been in love once, and that was with the Captain:

No one, I suspect, would recognise in me now the former dog of spirit. My master calls me, jestingly, "The Fire Dog," for in the long winter evenings I sit staring into the fire, and thinking of the Captain, and wondering whether I bored him with my love, and reproaching myself for ever having been cross with him even for a minute. Sometimes I dream of him. Only last night, I had been sleeping, and I woke up barking with joy, and I pranced about the room, and made my master open the street door, for I had dreamt that the Captain was without. But I only found Darkness there. My people seemed to understand, and, when I cried, they patted me, and tried to soothe me.

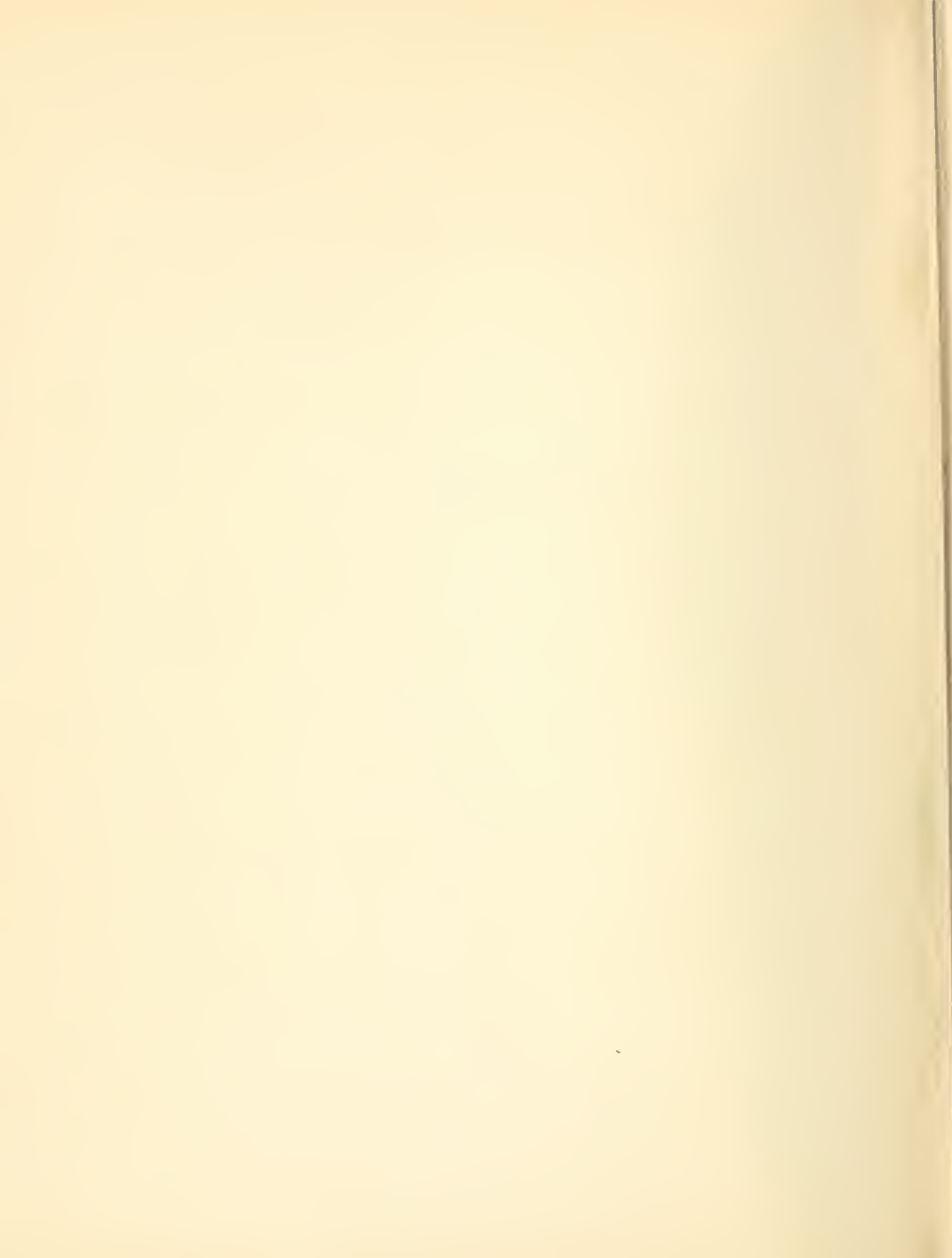
Well, well, I expect I am getting a foolish

## THE END

old fellow now, and soon, I suppose, I shall solve that question of whether there is a Paradise for dogs. Of one thing, at any rate, I am certain, that if Paradise there be, then the Captain is there—and he is looking out for me.



## POSTSCRIPT



## POSTSCRIPT

A NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S OWNER

**I** *HAVE* read this book naturally with great interest. It is all quite true. I am sorry to learn that my dog is not so fond of me as I am of him, and that he does not think much of me—but it shall make no difference. In a way, I suppose, my case is his own over again in regard to the non-return of my affection. For the Captain, so far as I could see, did not care a rap for my dog. My dog gave the Captain of the best of his love, and the Captain returned none.

While I knew that the Captain was one of the leading dogs of the neighbourhood, I certainly never guessed, until I read this book, what an important position he held. He was undoubtedly a dog of fine intellect, and of

## POSTSCRIPT

*extraordinary influence, but I cannot help thinking that, in the simplicity of his nature, my dog over-rated the Captain's character. My dog has tried, I think, to play the rôle of the impartial historian. Note how he mentions the Captain's cat. And, in attempting to portray the Captain, he has succeeded in portraying himself. But, had I been asked my opinion of the Captain, I should have said without hesitation that he was greedy, heartless, and lacking in physical courage. The Captain was the smart cockney, my dog the honest countryman.*

*I cannot speak too highly of my own dog. He has many fine and generous qualities, and is affectionate to a degree. His behaviour to Smith is worthy of all praise. It is chivalry in its finest form. When she is eating or drinking, he never helps her, like dogs of less fine material would do.*

*However, of one thing there is no doubt. I refer to the gap which the Captain's death has made in my dog's life. I knew my dog, of course, in the Sturm und Drang of his youth. The difference now is painful. All the spring is gone from him; the spirit of*

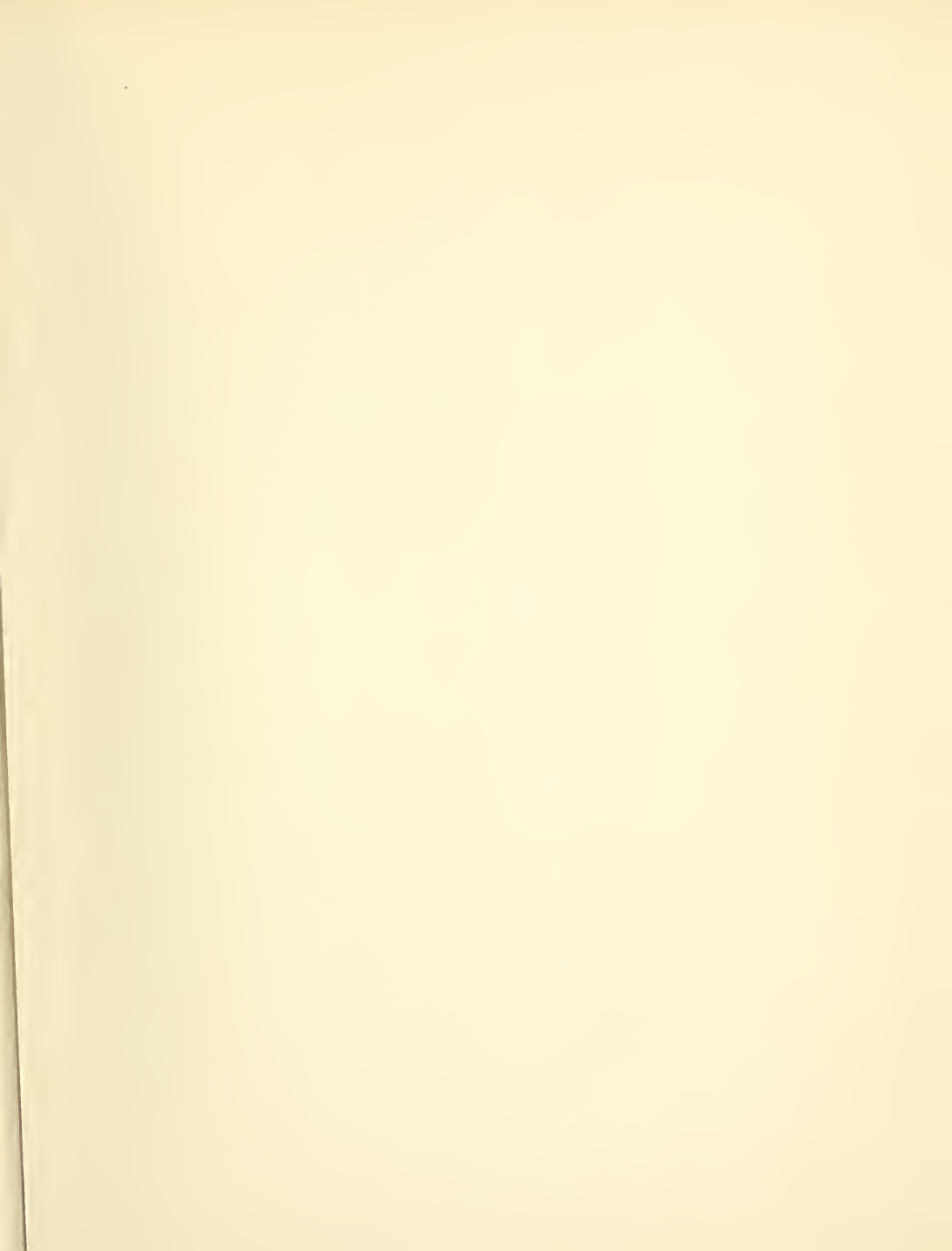


## POSTSCRIPT

*adventure in him is dead. He leads a purposeless, objectless existence, and old age has come on him very suddenly. Still, I do not share his gloomy forebodings, and I hope he will be spared to us for many years to come, for a better dog—a more perfect gentleman—I have never met.*

*W. E.*









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